

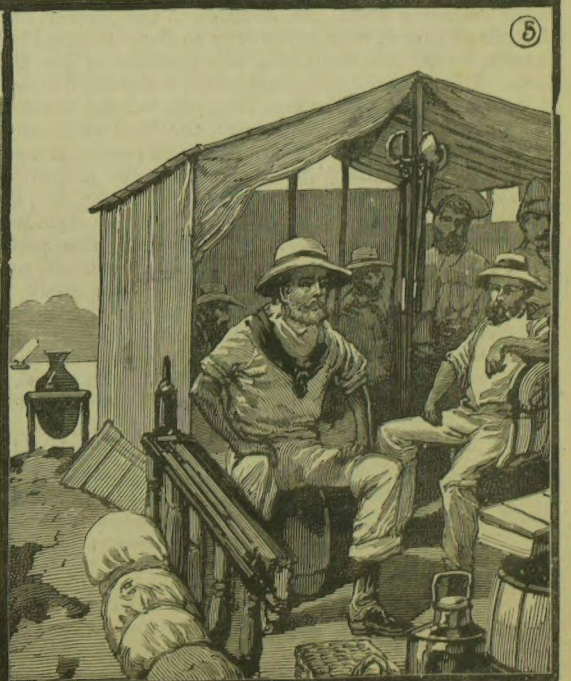
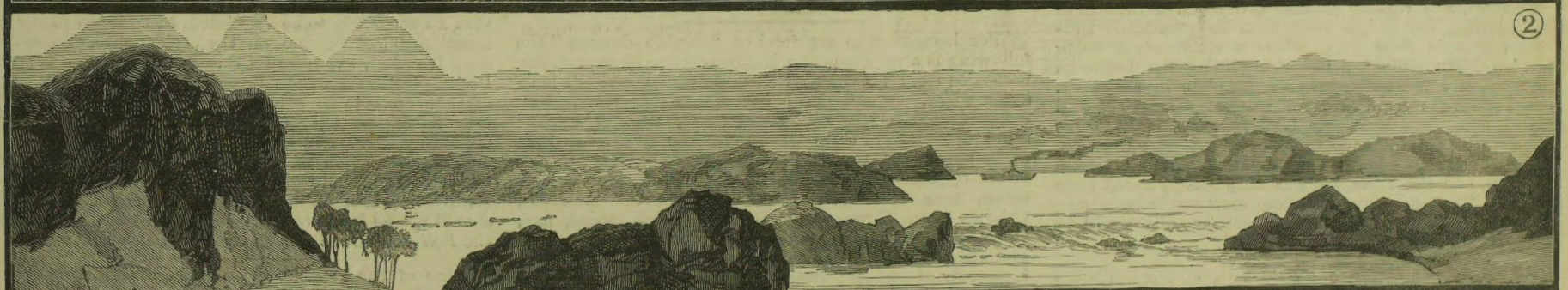
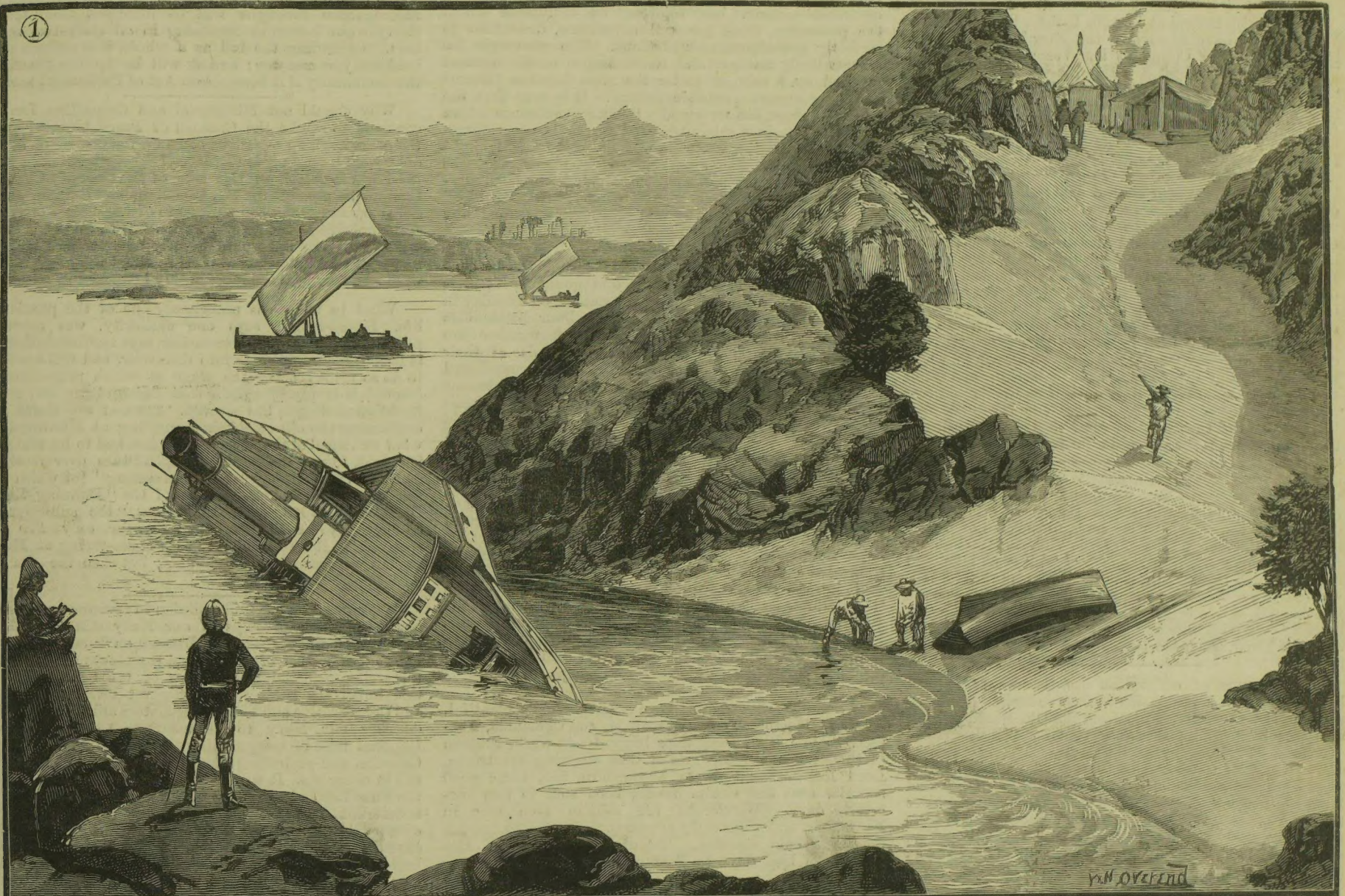
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2381.—VOL. LXXXV.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1884.

WITH SIXPENCE.  
EXTRA SUPPLEMENT By Post, 6d.



1. The wrecked steamer Ghizeh lying aground under the rocks; the house built by the crew above.  
3. The steamer sinking fast.

2. Upper part of the Tangour Cataract, where the steamer Ghizeh was lost.  
5. Some of the crew in their house after the wreck.

THE NILE EXPEDITION: DANGERS AND DIFFICULTIES OF THE RIVER PASSAGE.  
SKETCHES BY LIEUTENANT R. DE LISLE, R.N.



## OUR NOTE BOOK

The Birthday of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales was on Monday celebrated in kindly fashion, as usual, at Sandringham. A high tea was given to the children of Sandringham, West Newton, Wolterton, and Dersingham; and the pleasant annual festival was rendered all the more enjoyable to the little ones by the attendance of the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princes Albert Victor and George and by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud. Her Majesty has a particularly happy way of "keeping" the Birthdays of all in her service. The natal day of every servant is entered in a Birthday Book kept for the purpose by the Queen, who thus never fails to present a suitable Birthday gift to each. Is not this a Royal example worthy of being generally followed?

The Danish Consul at Boston, U.S.A., thinks that the Vikings must have discovered the New World centuries before Christopher Columbus and Vespuccio were born. From time immemorial a large brass bell has lain on Castle Island, in Boston Harbour, and this gentleman has deciphered an inscription on it which is in ancient Danish. More important hypotheses have been based on slighter data, and the old sea kings were mighty rovers, so perhaps he may be right in his conclusion.

A wonderful old man has just died in Paris, at the age of one hundred and six, whose memory was accurate and prodigious, perhaps because the events which stamped themselves upon it in early youth were of so extraordinary a nature. Père Peysson remembered the taking of the Bastille and the execution of Louis XVI.; he had served under Hoche, and actually was one of the crew of the *Cassard*, which, with other vessels of war, lay at Brest ready, under that impetuous leader, to sail for Ireland and deliver it from the British yoke! As this expedition did not come off, Peysson was draughted to St. Domingo, where he saw Toussaint l'Ouverture as a prisoner; and after thirty-three years of service he retired on the magnificent pension of £90 a year. A grateful country made him Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1876, but, being a civil distinction, it did not add a farthing to his income.

Some marvels of confectionery were recently served up at a ball supper in New York, and those who gathered round the festive board were the persons of all others to appreciate them, since they belonged to the clan of bakers and confectioners. The *chef* of the Victoria Hotel sent a cake on which a Swiss scene comprising a lake and mountainous background, a chalet, chamois-hunter and dog, were all wrought in sugar. A similar functionary at the Continental sent a bridal scene, all in white sugar, and a third utilised both cake and sugar in producing a realistic model of the original Uncle Tom's cabin.

The statistics of emigration are somewhat dry, yet here and there it is interesting to observe them. There is a perpetual stream of humanity from the Old World flowing into New York and out of it again; but this year it has decreased in volume by 58,408 souls. The new comers are, as a rule, of a better class than usual, and are principally Germans, an immense number of whom are bound for the great South-West. It is probable that the energetic action of the authorities, who, for some months past, have rigorously re-shipped pauper emigrants without money, strength, or skill, to the places whence they came, has had a salutary effect.

Cremation is rapidly gaining favour on both sides of the Atlantic, but it has never been so practically provided for as in New York, where a crematory is being built on Mount Olivet, a height adjoining the Lutheran cemetery, and is expected to be complete in February. The building will contain a room for autopsy, and also an apartment kept at a high temperature for cases where there is any suspicion of suspended animation. The consumption of a corpse by fire will cost from £2 to £6, and the operation will only occupy about forty minutes. The era of funeral reform must surely be setting in, and in many cases the money thus economised will be of the greatest value to survivors.

Mr. Millais, the artist, may indeed be congratulated on his autumn's work. In addition to the portrait of the Marquis of Lorne, now on its way to Government House, Canada, he has just completed two portraits of Mr. Gladstone. One, in his Academical robes, is for the University of Oxford, and the other has been painted for the statesman's great friend and supporter, the Earl of Rosebery. This popular Scotch nobleman, like most people, is a great admirer of Mr. Millais' art, but, unlike the majority, he can afford to indulge his taste. His child daughter, Lady Primrose, has accordingly been painted in the style which made Sir Joshua Reynolds so famous. The picture, although a portrait, may be called a fancy subject, representing, as it does, the little girl in a white frock with pink ribbons. In the foreground is a huge thistle in full bloom, emblematic of Scotland; and, notwithstanding the fact that the work has been delivered to the noble Earl, it will probably be on view to the public in one or other of the spring exhibitions.

Mr. Matthew Arnold's discourse in Whitechapel the other day, when the mosaic on St. Jude's Church, of Time, Death, and Judgment, after Mr. Watts' picture, was unveiled, was an eloquent disquisition on the theme—

I slept, and dreamed that Life was Beauty;  
I woke, and found that Life was Duty.

Not that he expressed this in so many words, but he made it plain that, though he is the last man to under-rate the influence of beauty, there is something grander still, and that is the patient, cheerful, devoted work among the poor of the East-End, to which Edward Denison, William Tyler, and now Mr. Barnett, have given their lives, energies, and, in fact, their whole being.

The absurdity of the long prices given for thoroughbred yearlings has received another illustration. On July 14 last, or thereabouts, the Duke of Westminster, per Mr. John Porter, his trainer, gave two thousand guineas for a yearling filly, daughter of Hermit and a Kettledrum mare, at the sale of the Yardley Stud Farm produce; and on the 25th of last month, it is announced, the expensive filly died from inflammation of the lungs. This is not "good value for money"; five hundred guineas a hoof for a quadruped that had hitherto done nothing but cost more money. Fortunately, the Duke is believed to have "more where that came from."

*Apropos* of Dukes, a knot of cabmen were discussing their grievances the other night so loudly that the chief speaker could not help being overheard by a passenger. And what the chief speaker, shaking his fist for the sake of emphasis, said was this:—"I tell you the British aristocracy is as great thieves—every bloomin' bit—as a cabman; and they'd ought to be lagged, every one on 'em ought." It didn't seem to occur to "cabby" that he appeared by his remark to admit that all or most cabmen are thieves; an admission which the passenger, from personal experience, denounces as perfectly gratuitous and libellous. The passenger has a most lively and grateful remembrance of an overcoat restored by a cabman under the most hopeless circumstances as regards probable reward. It is true that the same passenger has an equally lively remembrance of an umbrella left in a cab, advertised for, and not restored, and that, while the umbrella was brand-new and might have been worth something appreciable, the overcoat was by no means so new and might not have been worth anything to speak of (save to the owner): still, "cabby" drove four or five miles to make restitution at the house from which he had "taken up" the "fare."

The proprietors of the Gaiety Theatre are to be congratulated on the excellent taste and generous instincts that prompted them to give a performance on Tuesday in aid of the Children's Dinner Fund. Poor little mites running about the streets this cold, wet weather are entitled to some consideration at the hands of their better-fed fellow-creatures; and when it is remembered that ten shillings will provide a hot and wholesome meal for a hundred and twenty hungry sufferers, it seems curious that in this wealthy city any of them should starve. It is not want of charity or liberality that prevents people giving what they can afford for such a good purpose, but lack of energy or time to find out when and where to bestow their largesse. Where poverty and want are brought before them, Londoners always respond handsomely; and theatrical managers, like the proprietors of the Gaiety, can do much, and might do more. Let us hope their example will be followed. But the dramatic profession has always been foremost in charitable work. In 1745 Rich gave the whole amount of receipts of the "Beggars' Opera" for three nights to the subscription for soldiers. Every comedian played gratis; "and," adds Dunlop, in his memoirs of Cook, "tallow-chandlers gave the candles"—a remark that sounds meaninglessly old-fashioned in these days of electric lighting.

Woodcocks this season have been unusually plentiful. At Lord Hastings' country seat, Melton Constable, Norfolk, no less than forty were bagged last week, thirteen of them falling to the gun of that unerring sportsman, Lord Rendlesham. From Devonshire, too, come good reports, nine and eleven having been shot in two successive days. Woodcocks are seldom seen here in November, and their early appearance is said to foretell extremely cold weather. Twenty of them were also secured in two days in Perthshire to one gun. These accounts will be satisfactory to gourmets, who unanimously pronounce in favour of this succulent flavoured bird.

For hermits who are fond of "double dummy" the following is a very amusing and instructive little problem, borrowed from the accomplished Colonel Drayson's book about whist. A and C are partners, as also B and D. A holds ten, six, four of hearts (trumps); ace of spades; ace, king, queen of clubs; ten, seven, six, five, four, three of diamonds. B, to the left of A, holds ace, king, queen, knave of hearts; king, ten, seven, four of spades; ten, seven, four of clubs; king and two of diamonds. C holds five, three, two of hearts; nine, eight, five, three, two of spades; ace, queen, knave, nine, eight of diamonds; D holds nine, eight, seven of hearts; queen, knave, six of spades; knave, nine, eight, six, five, three, two of clubs. State of score:—A and C, four; B and D, love. It is A's lead, and A and C are to win the odd trick against the four by honours. It seems to be a "large order," but, as Hamlet would have said, "it is as easy as lying," though the play has to be of a kind which, with players not "dummies," would probably make them all think that somebody—especially C—must have "a screw loose" somewhere. The problem is instructive as showing how different it is to play when you can see the faces and when you can only see the backs of the cards; and how little "double dummy" helps one to play "practical" whist.

Dead leaves are notorious and never-failing signs of the metamorphosis from autumn to winter. And dead leaves in this country mean work for gardeners and their assistants. This is the time of year when the hardest toil shows the least result; for gardens and plantations cannot look well, in spite of energetic and persistent sweepings. But if in this country the beauties of the landscape are spoiled, and menials are hard worked, how much more inconvenient must it be in Maryland, where the leaves fall from the vast forests in such gigantic masses as to render locomotion almost impossible. Even railway trains were recently stopped by the enormous accumulation of fallen leaves; and a regiment of volunteers from the passengers had to be raised to remove them. We are not entirely strangers to snow-wreaths, but fortunately wreaths of forest leaves have not yet impeded our railway system. However, it is a comfort to think that the supply of parent timber must be almost inexhaustible. If it were easily accessible, what a fortune it would be worth, even for fuel; it would pay its damages for delaying trains!

Mr. Gladstone and the Marquis of Salisbury alike deserve credit for the hopeful outcome of the friendly negotiations conducted by the Ministerial Leaders and the Conservative Chiefs at Downing-street. The two million householders without votes in the counties now bid fair to be enfranchised at an early period; and the glaring anomalies of our old-fashioned system of representation promise to be speedily removed by the adoption of the comprehensive Redistribution Bill introduced by the Prime Minister on Monday. Our "Silent Member," one of the first to foreshadow the compromise which has been happily accomplished, gives the pith of this new measure; the essential features being that the total number of members is to be increased from 652 to 670, England gaining six, and Scotland twelve; that boroughs with less than 15,000 inhabitants will lose their seats, the voters in future exercising the franchise in their division of the county; that each borough with a population of less than 50,000 must be content with one member only; the same figure to be the general basis of representation in the larger constituencies of the cities, which are to be divided into wards returning one member each. On this principle, the Metropolitan boroughs will be increased from ten to thirty-eight boroughs, returning in all sixty-two members. Regarding the bill as a whole, it is undeniably a bold and just measure; and it will be for the benefit of the community if it becomes an Act of Parliament soon.

Why should not Ministerial and Opposition Leaders continue to smoke the Calumet of Peace together when the other burning questions come up for discussion? We are within a reasonable distance of drastic legislation upon the Land Problem on this side of St. George's Channel. Could it be possible for Mr. Gladstone and the Marquis of Salisbury to agree upon a measure of Land Reform as fair and equitable as the Redistribution Bill is, there can be no doubt that the bill would quickly become law; and the names of the Statesmen who bring about the great reform would be among those most highly honoured in History.

What to believe is notoriously one of the puzzles of life. Horse-racing, says one authority, was never so popular as it is now; horse-racing, says another authority, is falling more and more into disfavour, and will continue to do so till it reaches the stage at which prize-fighting (though it is pretty certain that horse-racing will never be declared illegal) has arrived. Look at the statements concerning the old-established meeting at Huntingdon: what remained of the reserve fund has had to be sold out, it is said, to pay the excess of expenditure over receipts; and "in the early days of the meeting" (of which the respected General Peel, the hero of the "Running Rein" Derby, was so long a staunch patron) "the subscriptions amounted to £850 yearly; last year only £90 was received." It certainly looks as if horse-racing at Huntingdon were growing less popular; but then the arrangements of life are see-saw-like.

The consensus of public opinion in favour of augmenting the number of ships in our Navy stimulated Lord Northbrook and Sir Thomas Brassey on Tuesday to place before the House of Lords and the House of Commons the well-considered propositions of the Government on this important subject. The highest naval authorities, and Conservative and Liberal legislators alike, are united in desiring our Navy to be adequate to discharge the Imperial task of safeguarding the British Isles and our Colonies, and protecting the British merchantmen which sail in every sea. It was satisfactory, accordingly, to hear the First Lord of the Admiralty declare that the Ministry is determined to "maintain the naval supremacy of this country." Admiral Sir George Elliot, who recently discussed the state of the Navy in this Journal, must have been glad to learn from the speech of the Secretary to the Admiralty that our Coaling Stations in various parts of the world are to be better protected by fortifications; and that £3,085,000 is to be expended, in addition to the sum sanctioned last Session, on the construction of one first-class Ironclad, five belted Cruisers, a couple of Torpedo-Rams, thirty Torpedo-Boats, and ten Scouts. This expenditure is to be spread over some few years. But it is probable the Admiralty will accept the timely advice offered by Mr. W. H. Smith, and will press on the building of new ships of war without delay. Before this essentially national topic is left, the persistent speeches of Lord Henry Lennox in favour of an increase in our Navy should not be forgotten, nor should the spirited articles of the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the subject be overlooked.

One of the most energetic and useful opponents to slavery has just passed away. Dr. W. Wells Brown, an eminent negro, himself a slave, was born in 1816; and, as steward of a Lake Erie steamer, earned the gratitude of his countrymen and the reprobation of his employers by assisting the flight of slave fugitives to Canada. In 1849 he came over to England, and appeared as a lecturer on Anti-Slavery; and subsequently, on his return to the United States, took an active part in raising the social and political status of the coloured population. Mr. Bright, speaking at Bradford, giving the opinion of another great authority, remarked—"Slavery was one of those devils that would not go out without tearing the nation that was possessed of it. But still, he always believed that the result of the war would be slavery abolished, and the great Republic, still one and indivisible, the advocate of peace and the promoter of civilisation." How true this was, subsequent events have shown; but it is to people like Dr. Wells Brown that the satisfactory result is due. In addition to writing several books, he was author of two dramas, one of which, "The Leap for Freedom," is likely to be remembered.

"Odds" are a never-failing subject of interest, and singular cases of the unexpected are constantly recurring; but it is doubtful whether there is any instance much more curious, as a mere example of probabilities, than the bet made nearly a hundred years ago of a hundred guineas to one guinea that, if a halfpenny were tossed up, the layer would guess—"head or tail"—right once in seven times. The odds are 127 to 1 in his favour, but he lost his hundred guineas. People who are inclined to risk their money on horse-racing, at roulette, and so on, will be "pleased to accept this intimation."



## ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Camping out in the Austrian Tyrol, in the summer of 1866, I remember one night hearing a very characteristic utterance of Garibaldi, then in command of the army of Red Shirts, who hoped to beat the *Tedeschi* and march to Trent. Somebody had been speaking of the urgent necessity for reforming the Italian Criminal Code, when the General interposed in the conversation. "For my part," he observed, "I would reform all codes of laws whatsoever by means of this packet of *Zolfanelli*." And as he spoke, he held up a box of lucifer-matches. The paradox was like Garibaldi—it accorded well with the simple faith of the antique-minded patriot, who imagined that the bulk of humanity could be as upright and truthful and just as he was.

Does it not occur to you, unprejudiced English reader, educated in old-fashioned law-abiding ideas, that the time has about come for the application of a sufficiency of lighted lucifer-matches to so much, at least, of the Criminal Code of France as treats premeditated assassination as a capital crime? It is true that French lucifer-matches are, as a rule, so bad that it is a matter of extreme difficulty to burn anything with them; but, in case of need, a lighted candle or a pint of petroleum might serve to "reform" the French Criminal Code from the Garibaldian point of view.

The heroine of the day all over the continent of Europe seems, from the tone of the newspapers, to be a certain high-minded married lady, the wife of a French Radical Deputy, who, having been cruelly calumniated by a rascally private inquiry agent, avenged herself by shooting the man in the *Salle des Pas Perdus* of the Paris Palais de Justice. The murder was premeditated, deliberate, and ferocious. The lady coolly avows her guilt; and her husband glories in his wife's homicidal achievement: his own hands being already stained with the blood of an unfortunate gentleman named Dayme, whom he killed in a duel for having said that brides who had only been married civilly were not worthy to wear orange-blossoms. And the marriage between the high-minded lady and the Radical Deputy had been a civil one.

"She will be acquitted by a sympathetic jury," I heard a Belgian gentleman say, yesterday. "You mean," returned his friend, "by a jury of gunsmiths." There it is. The revolver is King, and the laws are nowhere.

To my thinking, a private detective is the most despicable of mankind. He must be normally what the Americans call "a mean cuss"; but when he adds falsehood and calumny and venality to his attributes he becomes a public nuisance. I have no doubt that, morally speaking, Tricocoe deserves to be shot, and Cacolet to be hanged; and it would do them (and society) much good if they were both whipped at the cart's tail prior to their extermination; still, neither on the Continent nor in England has the law made slander an offence punishable with death. The high-minded lady in Paris chose to condemn her slanderer to death, and to be her own executioner. If her action is to be condoned and even applauded, where is the use of spending money on Palaces of Justice, Judges, and counsel for the prosecution?

In a generously appreciative article in this week's *Saturday Review* on the latest volume of exquisite lyrics ("A Midsummer Holiday," Chatto and Windus) by Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne, I find the following curious dictum:—

However, it skills little, talking politics with Mr. Swinburne. Poets have rarely been deacons in that craft; indeed, except Shakespeare, and perhaps S. T. C., we really cannot think of any English bard who ranks very high as a politician.

"Turn again, Whittington"—I mean, think again, serenely satisfied *Saturday Review*. Shakespeare, of course, ranks very high as a politician; just as he does as a soldier, sailor, theologian, chemist, lawyer, doctor, and what not. He was Everything. By "S. T. C." is meant, I suppose, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. I fail to remember that he ranked very high as a politician; or that, indeed, he had much to do with politics at all, beyond writing some flaming lines against Mr. Pitt in the *Morning Post*.

But Sir Walter Scott, William Gifford (bard of the "Baviad" and "Mæviad," and editor of the *Quarterly Review*); John Wilson Croker, author of "Talavera," a former Secretary to the Admiralty, and likewise editor of the *Quarterly*; and Robert Southey, Poet-Laureate, were all militant politicians on the Tory side. So was William Maginn, author of the "Homerical Ballads." On the Liberal side, Thomas Moore, poet, and writer of the "Twopenny Post Bag"; and Leigh Hunt, author of "Rimini," and editor of the advanced Liberal newspaper, the *Examiner*, were equally conspicuous politicians. And the first Lord Lytton, author of the "New Timon," and Secretary of State for the Colonies; and the second Lord Lytton ("Owen Meredith"), ex-Viceroy of India; and George Canning, author of "The Loves of the Triangles," and Prime Minister; and the Earl of Derby, Prime Minister, and translator of the "Iliad": surely, these are the names of bards and politicians as well?

And, by your leave, Matthew Prior, poet and ambassador? and the Right Hon. Joseph Addison, author of "The Campaign," a poem, and Secretary of State? And Andrew Marvel, Liberal member of Parliament for Hull, grievous thorn in the side of a profligate Court, and author of some of the most beautiful poems in the English language? Have we forgotten "Where the remote Bermudas ride" or the delicious *complainte* beginning—

The wanton troopers riding by  
Have shot my fawn, and it will die?

But I will go farther afield. How about Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, and author of "Cadenus and Vanessa"? You shall find him in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." The influence exercised by Swift as a politician both in England and in Ireland was simply tremendous. And finally, O *Saturday*, how about John Milton? Those who have devoted

laborious nights, though many years since, to the study of his polemical writings know that the illustrious author of "Paradise Lost" was a politician first and a poet afterwards. In his scathing and implacable prose—prose that seems to roll out like boiling lava over Hercules—he forged a whole bushel of nails for the coffin of Laud, and gave a razor-edge to the axe which was to lop off the head of Strafford. If the inflexible Puritan and Republican who in his "Defence of the English People," after Charles's death, smashed up the pedant Salmasius (otherwise M. De Saumaise) into the smallest of small bits did not rank very highly as a politician—well, all I can say is, that Dante Alighieri was no politician, and François Rabelais no champion of the Reformation.

The last straw! Broad, indeed, must be the back of the lexicographical camel which could endure the following, which I quote from the *Indépendance Belge* of Nov. 29:—"Plusieurs reporters ont interviewé hier M. Clovis Hugues."

"Interviewé." There is a dash of Flemish in the Gallicisation of "interview" which aggravates the atrocity of the word-coinage of my Brussels contemporary. At all events, the Parisian journalists have contrived to spell "interview" correctly, although they persist in the attempt to introduce the noun "interview" as a verb into French colloquial speech. But why should they borrow from the English, or rather the American language? Why cannot they take the participle of their own verb "entrevoir," and say "M. un tel a été entrevu"? No; they must needs *singer* their neighbours and further corrupt corruption.

Here is the sprightly comic artist, M. Mars, who, in the *Journal Amusant* of the current week, heads a page of caricatures "Old England Interviewée." The first scene of the manners and customs of "Old England" selected by M. Mars for illustration is an outdoor procession of young ladies from a boarding school, who, headed by a very pretty governess (ought she not to bring up the rear, Mr. Ashby Sterry?), are tripping along in the admired "two-and-two" order. In the text to his picture M. Mars infers that the pretty schoolgirls have been thrown into a flutter by the "apparition de quelque *horse-guard* ou de quelque *jeune clergyman*." Ingenious Gaul. An English schoolgirl fluttered by a curate or a Life Guardsman!

Mem.: the schoolgirls' names are given as "Ada," "Mary," "Jane," "Connie," "Betty," and "Dickie." I should very much like to know a young lady whose Christian name was "Dickie." It has an innocent and bird-like sound. On one feature in his drawing M. Mars may be sincerely congratulated. He has positively discovered that young English girls wear black stockings: a fact that is beginning only dimly to dawn on the artists of the innumerable Magazines of the Fashions, which have now become our weekly as well as our monthly portion.

A column and a half of closely printed type in the *New York Herald* of Nov. 19 are devoted to an account of the marriage of Miss Caroline Schermerhorn Astor, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Astor, to Mr. Marshall Orme Wilson. Good. But what has chiefly interest is the following prefatory paragraph in the *N. Y. H.*

Had a stranger been present he could have scarcely imagined that the affair was the greatest society event of the season. There was such an entire absence of display, not only at the wedding ceremony itself, but even at the reception that followed—everything was conducted so quietly and simply. The whole affair was characterised by a democratic simplicity and good taste, that was in striking contrast to the show and glitter that is affected by the *nouveaux riches*.

Most assuredly. But then I proceed to read that the bride (may she live long and prosper, and all her families!) "was dressed in a robe of white satin, trimmed with point-lace, front embroidered in silver. Her ornaments consisted of a necklace of diamonds, presented by the groom, and pearls." The bridesmaids wore white satin dresses, elaborately embroidered, tulle veils and ostrich tips. They carried bouquets of La France roses and lilies of the valley. As presents from the bride they bore lace fans, with pearl sticks inlaid with gold and hand-painted. The groom's presents to the ushers (?) were gold scarf-pins, set with diamonds and rubies.

Good again! I should like to have been an "usher" in that Happy School of Hymen. Only, when I further read that the marriage ceremony was performed in front of "a bower of flowers," and that at its conclusion the musicians played the "Swedish Wedding-March," and that the wedding presents (including the title-deeds of a house) were "exhibited on long tables covered with crimson plush, and the gifts were so numerous that the whole of one side of the room was filled with silver ware, gold ornaments, jewels, and objects of art," I cannot help respectfully inquiring, if the Astor-Wilson wedding is to be considered a model of "democratic simplicity," what a really showy and glittering New York wedding is like? In this connection, I may recall the thrice-told tale of the Pasha of the Dardanelles' remonstrance to the commander of an American vessel of war who wished to pass into the Sea of Marmora. By the Capitulations, only the passage of a gun-boat was permitted through the Straits; whereas, as the Pasha pointed out, the American so-called gun-boat was in reality a corvette. "It's the smallest we've got," replied the Commander, U.S.N.; and he steamed triumphantly for the Golden Horn. Perhaps the Astor-Wilson wedding was the smallest thing in the way of "democratic simplicity" that could be obtained in the Empire City.

One item in the festival remains to be mentioned, with the heartiest applause. The poor were not forgotten. Through the generosity of Mrs. Astor there were entertained at the Belle Vue Hospital five hundred men, women, and children, inmates of that institution. "Instead of the ordinary fare, there were served to the invalids well browned turkeys and carefully broiled chickens, with all the recognised accom-

paniments. The sick who were too ill to sit at the heavily-laden tables were served in their cots by the nurses and attendants."

London Benedicks and Beatrices, please copy. I know that at English country seats, at weddings, comings of age, and so forth, the good old English custom is kept up of making the hearts of the poor to rejoice with abundant victual and drink; but a "fashionable" wedding in the metropolis has grown to be a very heartless and uncharitable function. The poor are not "in it"; and even the marrowbones and cleavers can no longer claim their fee. I hope to read ere long in the *Morning Post* that, on the occasion of the marriage, at St. George's, Hanover-square, of "Hervey the Handsome" to "the Beautiful Molly Lepell," the inmates of the Hospital for Children and Women in the Waterloo-road were regaled with roast beef, plum-pudding, and Dublin stout, and that a large gift of plum-cakes, gingerbread-nuts, oranges, toys, tea, snuff, and bird's-eye tobacco, was made by the happy pair to poor folk in the workhouses.

I read in one of the London papers that, at Kingston-on-Thames, the other day, a man was committed for trial for having obtained from an hotel-keeper, by false and fraudulent pretences, two pots of beer. The man went to the hotel bar and called for a pot of beer. Being served with it, he handed the beer to his companions and called for a second pot, at the same time producing a shilling which he placed on the counter. Before the barman could pick up the coin the prisoner snatched it up, saying, "Don't you wish you may get it?" As he persistently refused payment, he was given into custody, and, as I have said, committed for trial.

This extremely rubbishy case reminds me of a much more ingenious swindle, of which an account is given, with great gusto, in an old English jest-book (seventeenth century I think) called "The Northern Garland." A man goes into a cook-shop on Holborn-hill and calls for a pint of small beer. He is served. "Stay," he says, handing back the beer to the victualler, "I have changed my mind. Give me a penny loaf instead." Being served with the bread, he eats it; and this manœuvre he repeats six times. He is then coolly walking out of the shop when the victualler bars the way, saying, "Pay me for my six penny loaves." "Friend," replies the customer, "for each penny loaf I gave you a pint of beer." "Well, then, pay me for my six pints of beer." "Friend," returns the unabashed sharper, "I had them not." I have known many really intelligent persons who were for a time quite unable to discern where the exact false and fraudulent pretence was in this case. Of course, the swindle was in the fact that the knave, not having in the first instance paid for the beer, had no right to barter it for bread.

Mem.: Unless I am much mistaken, this story, or one considerably like it, is to be found among the *facéties* of Mr. Mark Twain. Never mind, Mr. Twain; there is nothing new under the sun, especially in the way of jocular stories. Possibly, it was in the time of Hippocrates and at ancient Abdera that the swindle was originally practised; and the Abderite cook-shop keeper was too stupid to perceive in what manner he had been cozened.

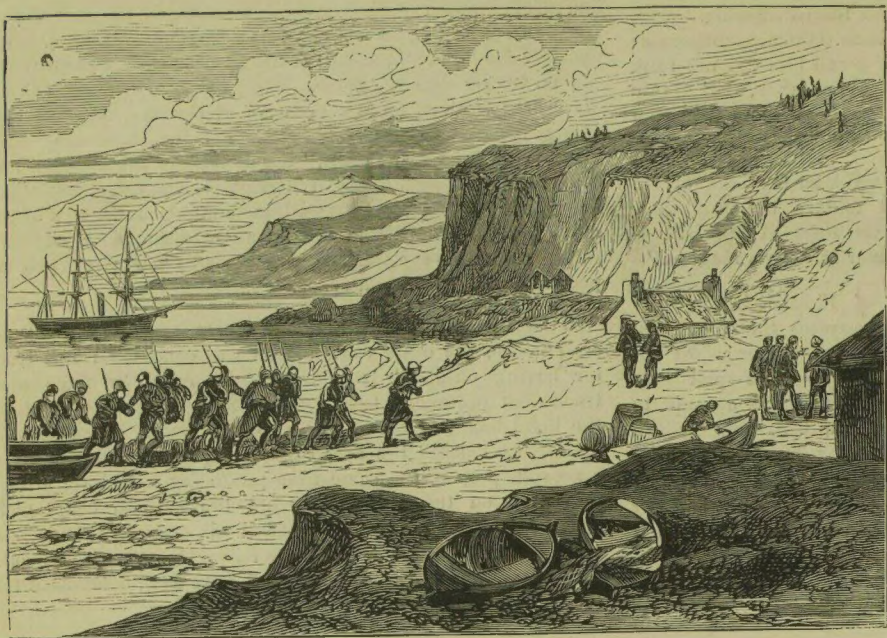
One of the most curious and exhaustive books of a "special" character that for a long time I have come across is M. Arthur Pougin's "Dictionnaire Historique et Pittoresque du Théâtre," just published by the historic Parisian firm of Firmin-Didot. In a large, sumptuously printed, and copiously illustrated volume of nearly eight hundred pages, M. Arthur Pougin gives an amazing quantity of information respecting acting, music, dancing, pantomime, acrobaticism, scene-painting, theatrical machinery, "properties," to say nothing of scenes in the circus, "carousels," tournaments, chariot-races, masked balls, and other popular entertainments, from the days of remote antiquity to our own times. The French theatre naturally occupies the most conspicuous place in M. Pougin's work; but there are some highly interesting incidental references to the English stage.

In particular I note (under the heading "Cabals") a curious account from the memoirs of Monnet, the manager of the old Opéra Comique, of a terrible disturbance caused at the Haymarket Theatre in 1749 by the appearance of a company of French comedians. Precisely as was the case a hundred years afterwards on the occasion of the "Monte Christo row" at Drury Lane, the upper classes in London society were in favour of the foreigners; while the pit and gallery were vehemently against them. The Duke D\*\*\*\* (?) and Lord G\*\*\*\* (?), with thirty noblemen and gentlemen armed with big sticks, ascended, according to Monnet, from the dress-circle to the gallery to "impose silence" on the gods, who were not only howling an anti-Gallican song with the burden "We don't want any French actors here," but were pelting the unfortunate foreigners on the stage with apples, oranges, and tallow candles. Meanwhile, in the pit, a large party of officers of the Foot Guards in uniform drew their swords, and formed a semicircle in front of the orchestra, their points towards the malcontents, who had threatened to storm the stage and duck the actors in the puddle at the corner of Panton-street. Wild days! Up-roarious days! Somewhat lawless days. Such a disturbance would be impossible in these peaceful times—especially at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, on the last night of the Promenade Concerts!

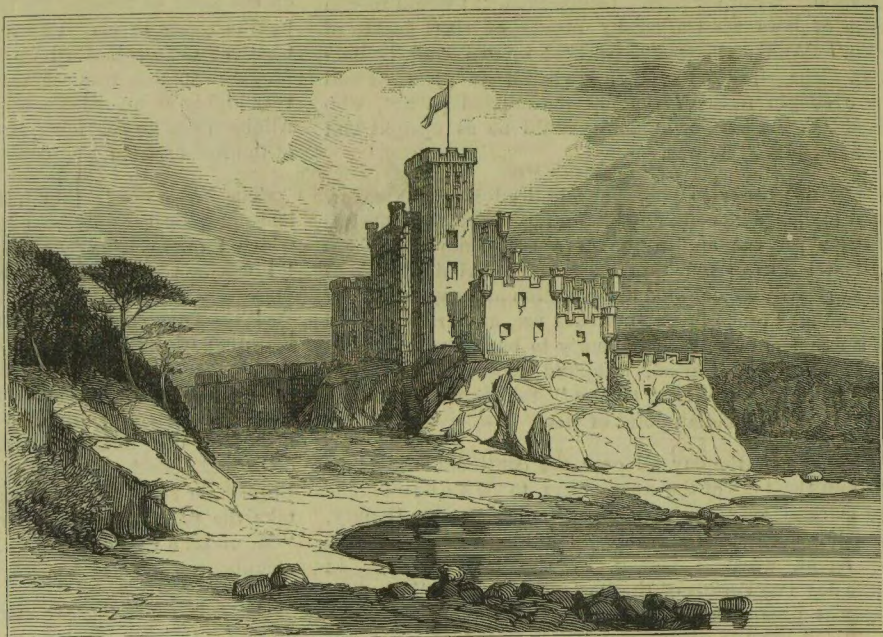
Even the hitherto neglected subject of theatrical slang has not been passed by M. Pougin, and English readers of his book will learn that the French equivalent for "having a bit of fat" is "avoir des côtelettes," that "avoir du chien" is to have "plenty of go," and that "avoir le trac," "le taff," "le taffetas," is to suffer from what our actors call "stage-funk." In by-gone days, when Charles Kean used to take the company of the Princess's Theatre to perform before Royalty in the Rubens Room at Windsor Castle, there was in the outset prevalent a peculiar variety of the "taff" complaint, which was known as "palace funk." The only drawback to M. Pougin's "Dictionnaire du Théâtre" is its costliness. It is published at fifty francs. G. A. S.



SKETCHES IN SKYE: THE CROFTERS' LAND LEAGUE AGITATION.



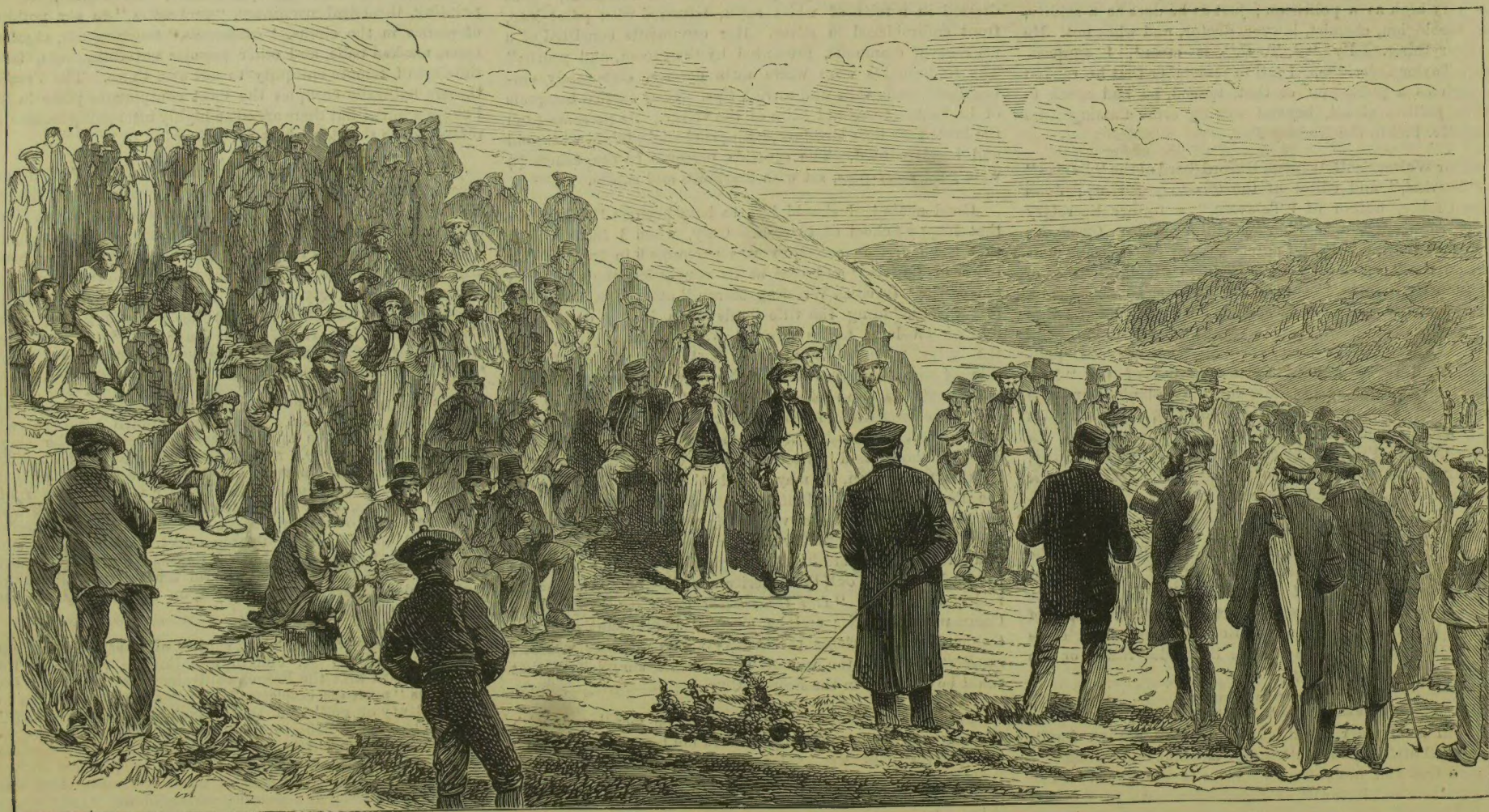
MARINES LANDING AT UIG, ISLE OF SKYE.



DUNVEGAN CASTLE, ISLE OF SKYE.



MARINES ON THE MARCH TO THE DISTURBED DISTRICTS.



MEETING OF CROFTERS: JOHN M'PHERSON SPEAKING.



SKETCHES OF THE NILE EXPEDITION.



WAITING FOR LORD WOLSELEY'S ARRIVAL AT DONGOLA.



PRESENTATION OF THE ORDER OF K.C.M.G. TO THE MUDIR OF DONGOLA BY LORD WOLSELEY.



## THE NILE EXPEDITION.

Our Artists and Correspondents on the Nile continue to supply abundant sketches of the difficulties and dangers of the laborious passage of boats up the rapids or "Cataracts" of that troublesome river. The wreck of the steam-boat Ghizeh, and the adventures of her crew, who contrived to put up a shelter and dwelling for themselves on the rock above the shore where their vessel had come to grief, are illustrated in Lieutenant R. De Lisle's Sketches, which occupy our front page. We are indebted to Lieutenant C. G. Martyr, of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry regiment, for the two sketches taken at Dongola, where he commanded the escort of our soldiers mounted on camels to accompany Lord Wolseley on his arrival there. The scene of investing Mustapha Pasha, the Mudir of Dongola, with the Order of a Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George, took place next day in front of the Mudir's official mansion.

The past week has not been very eventful, but steady progress is being made with the movement of troops and stores up the Nile. Lord Wolseley has issued a spirit-stirring proclamation to the Army, calling upon them to rescue General Gordon from peril of death, and reminding them of the cruel fate of Colonel Stewart. On the other hand, it is rumoured that General Gordon has recaptured the town of Shendi, between Khartoum and Berber; that the Mahdi's army is breaking up and dispersing, afflicted by hunger and sickness; and even that the Mahdi himself is dead. The British advance from Dongola to Ambukol is expected to begin next week.

## THE SKYE CROFTERS' AGITATION.

There has been no attempt to resist or molest the officers of the law in the Isle of Skye, and the presence of the force mentioned in our last seems an ample safeguard against any such breach of the peace as might have been apprehended. Our Artist contributes a few additional Sketches, those of the landing of the Royal Marines, with the chartered steamer Lochiel lying in the bay of Uig; the Marines on the march across that part of the island, which we have already described; and an open-air meeting of the Crofters to discuss their land grievances. The person standing bareheaded and speaking is John M'Pherson, while old M'Leod, another influential leader of the movement, is the foremost of three or four sitting opposite, towards the left-hand side of the view here presented. The delegate of the "Land Restoration League" stands among those near the principal speaker.

## SOUTHWELL CATHEDRAL.

We give an Illustration of the fine old ecclesiastical edifice at Southwell, in Nottinghamshire, which has recently become the Cathedral of the newly created Episcopal See. Southwell Minster, as it was called heretofore, was more particularly described in our Journal on June 7 of this year. It was founded in the seventh century by Paulinus, Archbishop of York, as a monastic institution; but the existing church is of mixed Norman, Early English, and Perpendicular architecture, and is a very fine building.

We are asked to state that the Lady Mayoress (Mrs. Nottage) will hold no more receptions until she takes up her residence at the Mansion House in a few weeks' time.

Under the title of the "Excelsior Map of England," Messrs. G. W. Bacon and Co., of the Strand, have published a new roller school-map of England, which presents some noteworthy features. It is drawn and coloured on a bold scale and so as to show, at a glance, not only the county divisions, but the principal cities and towns, with their relative sizes, the latter information being conveyed by simple and prominent signs. Dials at various points also indicate the difference of time when noon at Greenwich. The length of rivers, main railways, steam routes, and other useful facts are shown in the same prominent way.

At the anniversary meeting of the Royal Society, which was held on Monday in their rooms at Burlington House, the treasurer, Mr. John Evans, D.C.L., LL.D., presided, in the absence, through illness, of the president, Professor Huxley, and gave the anniversary address. The secretary read a list of the Fellows deceased and of those elected into the society since the last anniversary. Among the names of foreign members deceased was that of Professor Adolphe Kolbe, of whose sudden death news had only recently been received. The society's Davy Medal had this year been assigned to Professor Kolbe, and it had been hoped that he would be present to receive it at this meeting.

## DEATHS.

On Nov. 1, at St. John's, Antigua, West Indies, Edwin Donald Baynes, C.M.G., late Colonial Secretary and Lieutenant-Governor of the Leeward Islands, in his 57th year.

On the 24th ult., at Wellington College, Percy Edmund Leopold, Page of Honour to the Queen, youngest son of Lady Cust and the late Sir Leopold Cust, Bart., aged 14.

\* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

**ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.**—This great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE,** completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 20, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

NEXT THURSDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 11, at THREE.  
ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.  
AN EXTRA GRAND and SPECIAL PERFORMANCE  
will be given by the

**MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS**  
MAKING FOUR DAY PERFORMANCES  
DURING THE CATTLE SHOW WEEK.

## CATTLE SHOW WEEK.

The most brilliant and attractive performance in London.  
During the Cattle Show Week, the World-famed

**MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS,**  
now in their  
TWENTIETH CONSECUTIVE YEAR at the ST. JAMES'S HALL  
IN ONE CONTINUOUS SEASON.

The Company better and more powerful than ever.  
THE FINEST BODY OF SINGERS, INSTRUMENTALISTS,  
DANCERS and COMEDIANS  
Ever brought together in any company in the world.

EVERY NIGHT at Eight.  
FOUR DAY PERFORMANCES THIS WEEK.  
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at Three o'Clock.  
Every West-End omnibus runs direct to the doors of the St. James's Hall.  
Omnibuses run from the Angel at Islington (close to the Cattle Show) direct to St. James's Hall. Fare 2d.  
Prices of Admission.—1s., 2s., 3s., 5s. No fees of any kind. No charge for programme.  
Doors open for Day Performances at 2.30. For Evening ditto at 7.30.

## NEW STORY BY W. E. NORRIS.

Mr. Francillon's Tale, "Ropes of Sand," will be brought to a close in the Number for Dec. 27; and with the New Year will begin a New Story, entitled "Adrian Vidal," by W. E. Norris, Author of "Mademoiselle de Mersac," "Matrimonij," "Thirly Hall," &c.

## OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Now Publishing.

## THE BEST OF FRIENDS

A Large Coloured Picture, after a Painting by  
P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A.

COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS.  
SONGS OF ITALY.

A Two-Page Picture, after a Painting by G. H. BARRABLE.

ROUGE ET NOIR. Seventeen Sketches in Colours. By HAL LUDLOW.

GRACE. A Picture printed in Colours. By A. BURR.

TALE OF A GOOSE. Six Tinted Sketches. By A. FORESTIER.

## ENGRAVINGS.

A CAPRI GIRL. By SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

THE HIGHLAND SCHOTTISCHE: THE FINALE. By R. C. WOODVILLE.

SWEET ORANGES. By G. L. SEYMOUR.

A CHRISTMAS MISSION. By E. J. WALKER.

CHRISTMAS MORNING: EARLY BREAKFAST. By R. C. WOODVILLE.

DOLLY'S REVENGE. By GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

SATURDAY'S TUB. By F. DADD.

## STORIES.

MISS BEE. By G. MANVILLE FENN.

A DIVIDED DUTY. By H. SAVILE CLARKE.

RIVALS TO THE END. By H. H. S. PEARSE.

## CHRISTMAS FOLK TALES.

VERSES AND SKETCHES by MASON JACKSON, JOHN LATEY, HOBACE  
LENNARD, BYRON WEBBER, J. LATEY, JUN., AND OTHERS.

The whole inclosed in a Handsome Wrapper,

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

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A List of the Postal Charges for Foreign Parts is given at page 10 of the Christmas Number.

Office: 198, Strand, London, W.C.

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK.

Now Publishing.

The Illustrated London Almanack for 1885, containing Six Coloured Pictures, by F. De Neck, F. H. Pavy, and G. O. Harrison, inclosed in a Beautifully Coloured Wrapper, printed by Leighton Brothers' Chromatic Process; Twenty-four Fine-Art Engravings; Astronomical Occurrences, with Explanatory Notes; and a great variety of Useful Information for reference throughout the Year, is published at the Office of the "Illustrated London News."

Price One Shilling; Postage, Twopence-Halfpenny.

## MONTE CARLO.—MUSICAL SEASON (CONCERTS, REPRESENTATIONS).

In addition to the usual Concerts, directed by Monsieur Romeo Accursi, the Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco has authorised M. Pasdeloup to arrange a Series of Extraordinary Grand Musical Entertainments (Concerts, Representations) this Winter.

The services of the following distinguished Artists have been already retained:—

Messieurs, Fanc.	Messieurs, Fanc.
" Devries,	" Vergnet,
" Salla,	" Capoul,
" Donadio,	" Borkstein,
" Frank-Duvernoy,	" Conturier,
" Bellocq,	" Villaret,
" Simonet,	"

In addition to which the celebrated Instrumentalists will appear:

VIOLINISTS: Mons. Sivori, Mons. Marsik, Miss N. Carpenter, American artiste, 1st Conservatoire Prize, 1883.

PIANISTS: Mons. Planté, Mons. Th. Ritter, Madame Essipoff.

HARPIST: Mons. Hasselemans.

These Extraordinary Representations will be given each Wednesday and Saturday, commencing the end of January and terminating the middle of March.

The Classical Concerts every Thursday.

## TIR AUX PIGEONS DE MONACO.

The opening of the Tir aux Pigeons of Monaco will take place Dec. 16. The following is the Programme:—

Tuesday, Dec. 16: Prix d'Ouverture.	Tuesday, Dec. 30: Prix de Lorillard.
Saturday, Dec. 20: Prix de Décembre.	Saturday, Jan. 3: Prix de Janvier.
Tuesday, Dec. 23: Prix de Montecarlo.	Tuesday, Jan. 6: Prix Jee.
Saturday, Dec. 27: Prix de Noël.	

The GRAND INTERNATIONAL CONCOURS will take place in the following order:—

Saturday, Jan. 10: Grande Poule d'Essai. A Purse of 2000f. added to a Poule of 100f. each.

Tuesday, Jan. 13: Prix d'Ouverture. A Purse of 3000f. added to 100f. entrance.

Friday, Jan. 16, and Saturday, Jan. 17: Grand Prix du Casino. An object of Art and 20,000f. added to 200f. entrance.

Monday, Jan. 19: Prix de Monte Carlo. Grand Free Handicap. A Purse of 5000f. added to 100f. entrance.

Thursday, Jan. 22: Prix de Consolation. An object of Art and 1000f.

Letters of entry to be addressed to M. BLONIN, Secretary of the Tir à Monaco, not later than Five o'Clock on the evening previous to the Tir.

The Concours of the Second Series will be duly announced.

## PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. WILSON BARRETT.

Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, HAMLET. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Speakman, Dewhurst, Willard, Clifford Cooper, Frank Cooper, Crauford, Hudson, Doone, De Solla, Evans, Fulton, Ross, &c., and George Barrett: Mesdames Eastlake, Dickens, &c., and M. Leighton. Doors open at 7.15. Box-office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Matinee, Saturday next, at 1.30. Business Manager, J. H. Cobbe.

## THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.

LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce. EVERY EVENING, at 7.30 the New Play, written by Messrs. Hugh Conway and Comyns Carr, entitled CALLED BACK, adapted from Mr. Hugh Conway's very successful story of that name. At 10.20 A FIRESIDE HAMLET, a new and most successful Tragic Farce, by Comyns Carr. For cast see daily papers. Doors open at 7.15. Carriages at 14. No fees. Box-Office open daily from Eleven to Five.

## THE BRIGHTON SEASON.

Art Loan Exhibition at Royal Pavilion open every week-day.

Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.

Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c.

Return Tickets from London to Brighton, available for eight days.

Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.

Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton.

Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

## BRIGHTON EVERY WEEK-DAY.—A First Class Cheap

Train from Victoria, 10 a.m. Day Return Tickets 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car; available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Express-Train, or by any later Train.

## BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—First Class Cheap Trains

from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 1s.

A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., available by these Trains only.

## BRIGHTON.—THE GRAND AQUARIUM.—EVERY

SATURDAY, Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.5 p.m., calling at East Croydon.

Day Return Fare—First Class, Half a Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

## PARIS.—SHORTEST CHEAPEST ROUTE.

VIA NEUCHÂTEAU, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

Cheap Express Service Week-days and Sundays. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s.; Return, 4s., 4s. 6d., 5s.

Powerful Paddle Steamers, with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside steamers at Neuchâteau and Dieppe.

SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

## TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's

West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Offices, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

## NATIONAL SPORTS.

It cannot be said that the illegitimate season of 1884-5 has begun in very promising fashion. Ireland, generally so formidable with her "leppers," does not seem able to send over anything better than those old standing dishes, Mohican, Lioness, and Frigate, who are pretty well played out by this time; and neither Croydon nor Four Oaks Park introduced us to anything very promising in the way of novices, with the exception of Sidthorpe, a son of Tibthorpe and Chesapeake, who won a good race at each meeting. However, it is too early yet to despond; and very possibly, when some of our flat-racers have had proper schooling, a second Voluptuary may be developed. The sale of a draught of Mr. Jardine's stud drew a good attendance to Albert-gate on Monday. Mr. Porter gave 1200 guineas for Newton, which was surely full value for a thoroughly exposed colt, and 750 guineas seemed quite enough for Acrostic, a very dangerous horse to back, as he is always quite as likely to break a blood-vessel as to win his race. The sudden death of Macgregor, from fatty degeneration of the heart, is a great loss to Mr. Howett, especially as the horse had so recently been brought into prominent notice by the victories of his son, Scot Free. Foaled in 1867, he never ran as a two-year-old, but, all the time that Sunshine was carrying all before her in the popular yellow jacket, it was known to a select few that her "dark" stable companion was 10 lb. in front of her. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that the stable backed him fearlessly to win a large fortune in the Two Thousand, and we can see him now, with Daley on his back, coming home virtually alone, with Normanby, Kingcraft, and Co. struggling hopelessly behind him. After this runaway victory he became about the hottest favourite ever known for the Derby, as much as 9 to 4 being laid on him, but his extraordinary race over the hard ground during the previous week, for a paltry stake at Bath, fairly settled him, and he broke down in making the descent from Tattenham Corner. In the following season he was patched up, and tried to be as good as ever. He was entered for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, and, being let off with something like 7 st., the race was perhaps the greatest certainty in the history of handicaps; but he broke down again a day or so before the race, and no attempt was afterwards made to train him. He cannot be pronounced a success at the stud, for, though most of his stock could gallop, Scot Free is the only one of his progeny that has approached first-class form.

The collapse of Rowell on the Thursday morning spoilt what appeared likely to be a very exciting struggle in the Six-Days' Race at the Aquarium; for, after the retirement of the famous Cambridge pedestrian, it was plain that nothing but an accident could prevent Littlewood from gaining permanent possession of the belt. Under these circumstances the leader naturally took matters somewhat easily, and though he was a few laps ahead of the record on the fourth night, he soon fell behind it, and finally wound up with a score of 405 miles 704 yards. Mason came second with 384 miles 528 yards, and Cartwright third with 357 miles 704 yards. The whole affair, which was capitally managed throughout, proved a marked success, and we understand that a six days' (eight hours per day) safety-bicycle race will shortly take place on the same track.

Some very big performances were accomplished on the billiard-table last week. At the Aquarium, Cook and Peall played 12,000 up, the latter, who made breaks of 788, 762, and 614 (unfinished), winning by close upon 3000 points. Roberts and North played 1000 up (spot-barred) at the Palais Royal, the former, who won easily, making runs of 327 and 322, the two best on record; whilst North scored 132 off the red ball alone, a feat that has never been equalled. This (Saturday) afternoon another spot-barred tournament will be started at the Aquarium, the entry being the best that we have seen for one of these contests for many a day; and, with a championship and other matches in course of arrangement, lovers of billiards are promised a high old time during the winter.

The Mayor of Bristol, on behalf of the Norwegian Government, has presented to T. L. Weiss, master of the steam-ship Llandaff City, a silver-mounted telescope, in recognition of his gallantry in rescuing the crew of the vessel Emil, of Drammen, wrecked in the Atlantic Ocean. The telescope bore the inscription, "Oscar, King of Sweden and Norway, to Capt. T. L. Weiss, for a brave and noble deed." Gratuities were sent to the second mate and the crew.

Scarborough election last week resulted in the return of Mr. Caine, who sought re-election on his becoming Civil Lord of the Admiralty. His voters numbered 1832; his Conservative opponent, Sir George Sitwell, polling 1639.—The vacancy at Greenock caused by the retirement of Mr. J. Stewart (L) was filled by the return of Mr. T. Sutherland, chairman of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, the numbers being—Mr. Thomas Sutherland (L), 3548; Mr. J. Scott (C), 2417.—The polling for county Down, to fill the vacancy caused by the succession of Viscount Castlereagh to the Marquisate of Londonderry, took place last week, Captain Ker, the Conservative candidate, being returned by a majority of 389 over Mr. Sharman Crawford, Liberal.

Sir Edward Reed, in presence of a distinguished audience, at the Royal United Service Institution, read a paper last week urging that our Navy should, without delay, be vastly strengthened. He suggested that during the next three years there should be constructed, at a cost of £6,355,000, five additional armoured ships of the first class, five fast armoured cruisers, eight unarmoured cruisers, fifteen auxiliaries to armoured ships, and fifty first-class torpedo-boats. The discussion was subsequently continued. Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., urged the paramount necessity of at once strengthening the Navy by increasing the number of ironclads, and by preparing a number of swift cruisers to protect our commerce in case a war should break out. Admirals Fanshawe, McClintock, Wilson, Gore Jones, and others joined in urging the necessity an immediate increase of the Navy.

While Sir John Macdonald, Prime Minister of Canada, was on a visit to the Queen at Windsor Castle last week, her Majesty conferred on him the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.—He was entertained at dinner by the Empire Club. The Marquis of Lorne presided. The Marquis of Salisbury expressed the hope that the political life of the Colonies would continue to send us such distinguished men from time to time. The Earls of Derby, Kimberley, and Carnarvon said they desired to see a closer union between the Colonies and the Mother-country, but they thought the Colonies should take the initiative in the matter.—A deputation from the Associated Chambers of Commerce waited on him to urge the importance of a Canadian Bankruptcy Law, or some measure to put an end to fraudulent preferences, which seriously interfered with the trade of this country with Canada. Sir J. Macdonald said there were considerable difficulties in the way of passing a Bankruptcy Law, but promised that they should have every facility for laying their case before the people of the Dominion.—The Premier of Canada left England last Saturday in the steam-ship Oregon for Canada.





SOUTHWELL CATHEDRAL.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

Little did Mr. Wilson Barrett think, when, after the excitement of playing Hamlet for the first time as manager of his own theatre, he indulged in a few youthful reminiscences, that he would bring down such a storm of satire on his devoted head. Hamlet and Wilson Barrett, Wilson Barrett and his speech, have been for weeks past the standing jokes of the society that encourages the play. Comic periodicals have broken a lance with the popular and successful manager; Mr. Bancroft has, in his own theatre, indulged in the same humorous vein; nay, more, Mr. Wilson Barrett has burlesqued himself in a further speech, addressed to the actors and actresses who accepted his invitation the other morning, sipped his tea in the lobbies, and applauded with both hands. It was not likely that the burlesque writers would allow the Hamlet opportunity to slip; so the theatrical atmosphere rains Hamlets, from the showy extravaganza to the domestic farce. A new recruit to the attenuated list of dramatists is ever welcome, provided he comes in such a robust and genial form as that of Mr. W. Yardley. There is much admirable fooling in his "Very Little Hamlet," at the Gaiety. In addition to the skill of turning neat lyrics, and writing happy lines containing true puns, and not mere verbal jingle, Mr. Yardley evidently possesses a very pretty sense of humour. The prologue to his play is conceived in a fresh and unhackneyed spirit. The transfer of the ghost into a seedy and disappointed actor determined to show new and original readings; the swearing of the street boys who witness Miss Farren vow that she will play Hamlet some twenty-five years hence; and the subsequent confidential communication between the Prince of Denmark and his father's spirit, are all points far in advance of the stereotyped jests of the burlesque stage. Let us have novelty and freshness by all means. Luckily for Mr. Yardley, his new and "very little Hamlet" appears in the person of one of the most popular and certainly the cleverest of the actresses on the lighter stage. As a street-arab, Miss Farren has no equal. Her singing of a semi-doleful ballad describing the woes of a London street-boy, who has been subject to an annoyance known as "Chucked Out" in the cockney vernacular, belongs to the highest order of comic and even pathetic suggestion. Miss Farren sinks all her individuality in the bright picture of a gutter lad who sells cigar lights, opens cab doors, and reasons half-humorously, half-tenderly, on the squalid despair of his position. With how light a hand Miss Farren touches her sentiment, and with what a delicacy she exhibits her fun, all must know who have for so many years appreciated the freshness of this evergreen. She has seldom been seen to such advantage as in the new Hamlet, picturesque in her rags as the urchin, and brimming over with fun as she slyly parodies the various points of the Oxford-street Shakspearean revival. Another capital bit of comic acting came from Mr. Shine, who appeared as the seedy actor and Ghost combined, and played up in all Miss Farren's scenes with infinite spirit. That Miss Phyllis Broughton would make a very charming Ophelia was a foregone conclusion; and, in addition to those established favourites, Mr. E. W. Royce and Mr. J. J. Dallas, the Gaiety company has been strengthened by Miss Kate Leamar and Miss Clara Jecks—the well-known impersonator of stage tom-boys. The music of the new burlesque—always a great point—is admirably chosen.

Mr. J. Comyns Carr, descending from his grave, judicial, and critical bench, treats the Hamlet craze in a very different fashion. He, too, shows in the "Fireside Hamlet" that he can write comic stage dialogue just as well as he can write English prose, and can sketch a farce as happily as he can describe a picture. The satire of Mr. Carr is deeper than that of Mr. Yardley. He conceives a loquacious, self-sufficient artisan, with an excellent sense of his own importance, anxious to pose and to brag at every opportunity, whether the question be the abolition of the "House of Lords" or the latest play. Such a young man must, of course, have a "young woman," to whom he is an oracle; and their discussion on this occasion is the rendering of Hamlet by Mr. Wilson Barrett. Mr. Carr transports his characters to the humble home of a London cabman, and thus enables Mr. Beerbohm Tree, as the stage-struck journeyman baker, to give us a curious study from real life of very remarkable merit. The tall, gaunt, unheeded, and hysterical baker, with all the enthusiasm of the neophyte, and all the testiness of the would-be bully, is an elaborated Gerridge. Mr. Tree has caught the author's idea with marvellous fidelity; and of its kind a more artistic performance is seldom seen in the lighter plays of the stage. The actor is entirely lost in his study. He for the moment lives in his part. This is of all things the greatest object of the actor's art, and if this be a sample of Mr. Tree's skill and perseverance in small things, he will one day astonish even those who have watched with such interest his upward career. When one day this little play is acted before an attentive and sympathetic audience at a reasonable hour, its merits will be more readily admitted. The public would believe in one-act plays if they could be written so well and played so admirably as this one is. For, though Mr. Beerbohm Tree has the prominent character, it would be difficult to find nowadays better acting of its kind than that of Miss Tilbury as the faithful girl who is first piqued by her lover's jealousy and afterwards agitated by his crack-brained manner. This also is a complete and finished study from the life. All the business of the actress, her ease, her variety, and resource, show that, in what are called character parts, she will be, for the future, of the greatest value. And a capital sketch of the honest, downright, matter-of-fact cabman was given by Mr. Caffrey. This play is too good to be lost. It ought to be acted some morning when the audience is in a frame of mind to appreciate its delicacy and the art that is the outcome of it. To play it before a heavy melodrama is to act it to empty benches; to act it afterwards is to submit it to a weary audience. Lovers of good acting should see it when they get an early opportunity.

The only other important production of the week has been a curious entertainment at the Avenue Theatre, conceived by Mr. Harry Paulton, in order to utilise his own droll loquacity, and to brighten the stage with several pretty faces. The author himself is puzzled how to describe "Lilies"; but this unorthodox mixture of monologue, burlesque, farce, and satire certainly succeeds in its object of making an audience laugh very heartily; and the fun of the thing is sustained with great energy. Mr. Paulton's quaint cynicism is directed towards the School of Dramatic Art and the "society-stage" craze, and he employs the means previously employed by Mr. Puff in Sheridan's "Critic." He might, indeed, have gone further still, and given us, what is so much wanted, a new "Critic" dealing with the subjects of to-day so dear to the theatrical mind. The framework of "Lilies" is just good enough for the purpose, and a modern Puff by Mr. Paulton would be a welcome attraction.

C. S.

A new and commodious Board School, situated in Yerbury-road, Upper Holloway, was formally opened on Monday. The building affords accommodation for 360 boys, 360 girls, and 473 infants. The cost of the structure was £14,259, and the cost of the site £6152.

## MUSIC.

St. Andrew's Eve and St. Andrew's Day were celebrated musically in various quarters. An extra supplementary concert was given at Covent Garden Theatre last Saturday evening, when special arrangements were made for the comfort of the audience by placing numbered and reserved seats in the area; the programme having also been of great musical attraction. Madame Christine Nilsson, Madame Trebelli, Mr. Maas, and Signor Foli contributed effective vocal performances, which were interspersed by orchestral pieces and a brilliant violin solo skilfully executed by Mr. Carrodus. The second part of the concert consisted chiefly of music of a Scottish character. Mr. Gwyllyn Crowe conducted ably, as at the series of Promenade Concerts just terminated.

On the same evening the annual Scotch Ballad Concert took place at St. James's Hall, and another concert of similar character was given at Prince's Hall. On Monday evening Mr. William Carter gave a Scotch Festival at the Royal Albert Hall, being the first of six national festival concerts announced by him. The programme was of a specially attractive nature, having included vocal performances by Mesdames Valleria, Trebelli, and Sterling, Miss Patti Winter, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Maas, Mr. Santley, and Signor Foli.

Last week's performance of Berlioz's "Faust" music by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Barnby, was an especially fine one. The choral and orchestral details were admirably rendered; as was the principal solo music by Madame Valleria and Mr. E. Lloyd (Margaret and Faust); Mr. B. Foote having co-operated efficiently in the music of Mephistopheles, and Mr. Pyatt in that of Brander.

The Saturday Popular Concert of last week introduced, for the first time at these performances, Schumann's "Papillons," a series of short piano pieces, full of charm and variety, belonging to the composer's earliest period. They were rendered with much grace and refinement by Mr. Charles Hallé; who also played the pianoforte part of Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's quartet in E flat, in association with Madame Norman-Néruda, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti. Mr. Santley sang several familiar pieces with great effect.

The Royal Society of Musicians gave—according to annual custom—a performance of "The Messiah" yesterday (Friday) week, at St. James's Hall, conducted by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt—the solo vocalists having been Misses Thudichum and McKenzie, Madame Enriquez, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Kenningham, Signor Foli, and Mr. Brereton.

But three more Crystal Palace Saturday concerts remain to be given before Christmas. At the seventh (last week), Herr Blumer played, with great effect, M. Saint-Saëns's pianoforte concerto in G minor; and some very characteristic orchestral pieces, from Rubinstein's ballet, "The Grape," were given for the first time here.

Mr. A. Burnett (violinist) and Mr. Ridley Prentice (pianist) gave an interesting concert of chamber music at Steinway Hall, last Saturday evening.

The Highbury Philharmonic Society entered on a new season on Monday evening.

The fourth concert of the New Club Austrian Band took place on Tuesday afternoon at Steinway Hall.

Mlle. Clotilde Kleeberg—the accomplished pianiste who has lately gained distinction here—gave a recital at Prince's Hall on Wednesday, when the programme was well calculated to display her versatile powers.

Madame Emily Tate and Miss Amy Stewart gave an evening concert on Wednesday at Steinway Hall.

A Morning Ballad Concert was given at St. James's Hall on Wednesday, being the second of three performances announced by Mr. John Boosey to take place before Christmas.

The Musical Artists' Society gives the thirty-fourth performance of new compositions this (Saturday) evening at Willis's Rooms.

Madame Sophie Lowe gives two musical evenings at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly—the first being announced for Friday evening, this week, and the second on Friday next.

The Queen has been graciously pleased, upon the recommendation of the Premier, to grant a pension of £80 a year to the widow of Michael William Balfe, as a mark of recognition of the musical distinction of her late husband.

The dates of the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace are now fixed. The public rehearsal will take place on Friday, June 19, and the three grand performances on the Monday, Wednesday, and Friday following. This triennial event would properly have recurred in 1886, but it will be anticipated by a year in order to render it a celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the composer's birth. As on previous occasions, two of the days will be occupied by a performance of "The Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt," one day being appropriated, as usual, to a selection from various works of the composer.

Mr. Henry Leslie's choir, it will be remembered, was disbanded after its twenty-fifth season, but was immediately reorganised, with Mr. Randegger as conductor. It was recently stated that after last year's performances no more would be given; but it has since been decided that the choir will enter on a new existence next year, again under the conductorship of Mr. Leslie, the date of the first concert being June 4.

Mr. Carl Rosa has announced the opening of his annual season at the Court Theatre, Liverpool, for Christmas Day, with a grand sacred concert. The operatic performances which will follow will include the production of Boito's "Mefistofele," Milöcker's "Beggars' Student," and Mr. Stanford's "Canterbury Pilgrims" for the first time in Liverpool, and M. Massenet's "Manon" for the first time in England. Madame Marie Roze and many other eminent and excellent artists make up a highly efficient company.

For the entertainment of the inmates of the Lambeth Workhouse miscellaneous selections were given on Monday afternoon by the members of Professor André's Alpine Choir, and in the evening a concert took place.

On Monday evening the 220th anniversary of the Scottish Corporation was celebrated at the Freemasons' Tavern, the Earl of Aberdeen presiding. Characteristic speeches were delivered by M. Waddington and the Hon. Russell Lowell, after which a subscription list amounting to £2500—including one hundred guineas from the Queen—was announced.

On Monday Alderman John O'Connor, Parnellite, was elected Lord Mayor of Dublin for next year; Alderman Madden, a Nationalist, was elected Mayor of Cork by a small majority; Mr. Stephen O'Mara was also unanimously elected Mayor of Limerick. At Drogheda the present Nationalist Mayor, Alderman Connolly, was re-elected.

The opening dance of the second series of six private "Cinderellas" took place at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, last week. They are organised with the object of obtaining funds for the Chelsea Hospital for Women, to enable the board to keep the sixty-three beds occupied with "respectable poor and suffering women."

## THE VOLUNTEERS FOR BECHUANALAND.

The mission of Major-General Sir Charles Warren, R.E., K.C.M.G., to settle the dispute with the Boers who have invaded the protected Bechuana territory situated between the Cape Colony and the western frontier of the Transvaal, will be supported by a special military force to be employed in case of need. "The South African Irregular Force," under the command of Colonel the Hon. Paul Methuen, C.B., of the Scots Guards, late on the Staff of the Home District, has been raised from volunteers of a respectable class engaged in London. They left England last week on board the steam-ship Pembroke Castle, embarking on Wednesday at Blackwall. Upon arriving at the Cape, they will be formed into a brigade, to act as mounted infantry, in company with "Carrington's Horse" and the Diamond Field Corps, both of which have been raised in the colony, together with an irregular infantry battalion and a battery of volunteer field artillery. The English volunteers are, it is stated, engaged for a minimum term of six months; and it is understood that, even if hostilities be averted by diplomatic means, their services will be utilised at least for that period in the performance of police duties; and that at the end of the term they will be permitted to enlist in a permanent mounted police force, to which will be intrusted the duty of enforcing respect for the provisions of the Transvaal Convention, and of maintaining the British Protectorate. The present engagement is binding on them, if required, for twelve months' maximum service, and their pay will be per day—troopers 5s., corporals 6s., and sergeants 7s., with free kit and all expenses. The recruiting has been conducted by Captain J. W. Harrel, at 50, Leicester-square, on behalf of the Government of Cape Colony, but the actual enlistment will take place at Capetown. The volunteers will, however, be treated as soldiers during the voyage, and were, at their embarkation, divided into three troops; the A troop composed of the class of gentlemen, the B troop of old soldiers, and the third of the rustic class, including labourers and sons of small farmers, some of whom have been in the Yeomanry Cavalry. On board ship, of course, all of them will be under military law, and will wear their common uniform. There are two decks fitted for the volunteers, one to accommodate one hundred and eighty and the other one hundred and twenty, and it is ominous to see in each of them a grated cell marked "Prison." Another deck is occupied by a party of seventy-six Royal Engineers, to form a telegraph section and, if requisite, balloon parties. These are highly trained men, and represent the most intelligent branch of the British Army. The owners of the ship have done much to make the voyage as pleasant as possible. Stewards have been specially engaged to attend to the men's mess-tables; a special galley, with hot water always ready, has been provided for them; while games, such as ship-cricket and skittles, and a collection of books and papers, will furnish them with amusement. For the officers, a new mess-room and ample cabins have been built adjoining the saloon, and each cabin will contain only two berths, which is a matter of some consideration on a voyage of twenty-one days. Drill and target practice will commence as the men find their sea legs. For the target practice, the Morris tubes will be used, and shooting will take place on the after-deck, at a target run out over the quarter. The ship carries a store of ammunition from Woolwich, comprising 1,000,000 rounds of ball-cartridges for the Martini-Henry rifles, 7000 rounds of miniature cartridges for practice with the Morris tubes, fuses, shells, and powder for seven-pounder field-guns, rockets, gun-cotton, and ammunition for the Gardner guns, also a great number of rifles. Nearly all the cargo on board is for the Bechuana expedition, and amongst the rest is included a valuable field-telegraph equipment, which has cost £10,000, and several war balloons. We give some illustrations of the first experiences of the volunteers on board the Pembroke Castle, the sketches being made by one of the gallant three hundred as they went down the Channel.

## CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR CARDS.

Judging from the many firms now engaged in producing these elegant trifles, and from the many batches we have already noticed, one might suppose that if every household in the kingdom were engaged in sending cards to some other household there would be enough and to spare, and yet more are announced. Messrs. De La Rue and Messrs. Marcus Ward come late into the field, feeling sure of a welcome whenever they come. The cards of both these firms are distinguished by their artistic qualities and by the great variety of designs; and are really art specimens down to the cheapest. Grace and refinement are the prevailing characteristics of these trifles, yet there are some humorous subjects, in which the fun is not too boisterous. Over two thousand original drawings (many of which have been published as Christmas cards and book illustrations), accumulated by Messrs. Marcus Ward, have been this week submitted for sale by auction at Messrs. Foster's gallery, in Pall-mall.

Messrs. Sockl and Nathan, of Jewin-crescent, also send us specimens of cards, both simple and satin-mounted and fringed, which include good designs, carefully coloured. Their cheapest cards are marked by good taste.

Messrs. J. F. Schiffer and Co.'s Christmas and New-Year Cards are of the usual, one might almost say unusual, excellence. One of the most beautiful in their collection is the three-fold card entitled "The Child Jesus," which they have produced in two sizes. The original design was painted to order for the publishers by Miss Alice Havers.

The cards of Messrs. Birn Brothers, of Milton-street, comprise many popular specimens, richly, and at the same time chastely, coloured.

Messrs. Charles Lee and Co., of Milton-street, introduce a novelty in the way of perforated season cards, by means of which the fair sender can introduce some work of her own, in silk or gold thread, improving the appearance of the card and enhancing its value to the recipient.

The Christmas novelties of Messrs. Tom Smith and Son are quaint and more curious than ever, showing that their inventive faculty is wide awake. There are puzzle crackers, historical crackers, and crackers for Canada; and special notice is called to their box of Crackers called The Old Curiosity Shop, designed for æsthetic children, containing Chinese figures in terra-cotta, fans, screens, vases, and teapots.

The appointment of Major-General Sir Charles Warren, R.E., K.C.M.G., Instructor of Surveying in the School of Military Engineering, to the political mission of restoring order and tranquillity in Bechuanaaland, has been generally approved on account of his former important services at the Diamond Fields and in other parts of South Africa. The Portrait of Sir Charles which we have engraved this week is from a photograph by Mr. Fradelle. A Portrait is also given of Colonel the Hon. Paul Methuen, C.B., who commands the volunteers for service in Bechuanaaland; this is from a photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey.





THE VOLUNTEERS FOR BECHUANALAND.



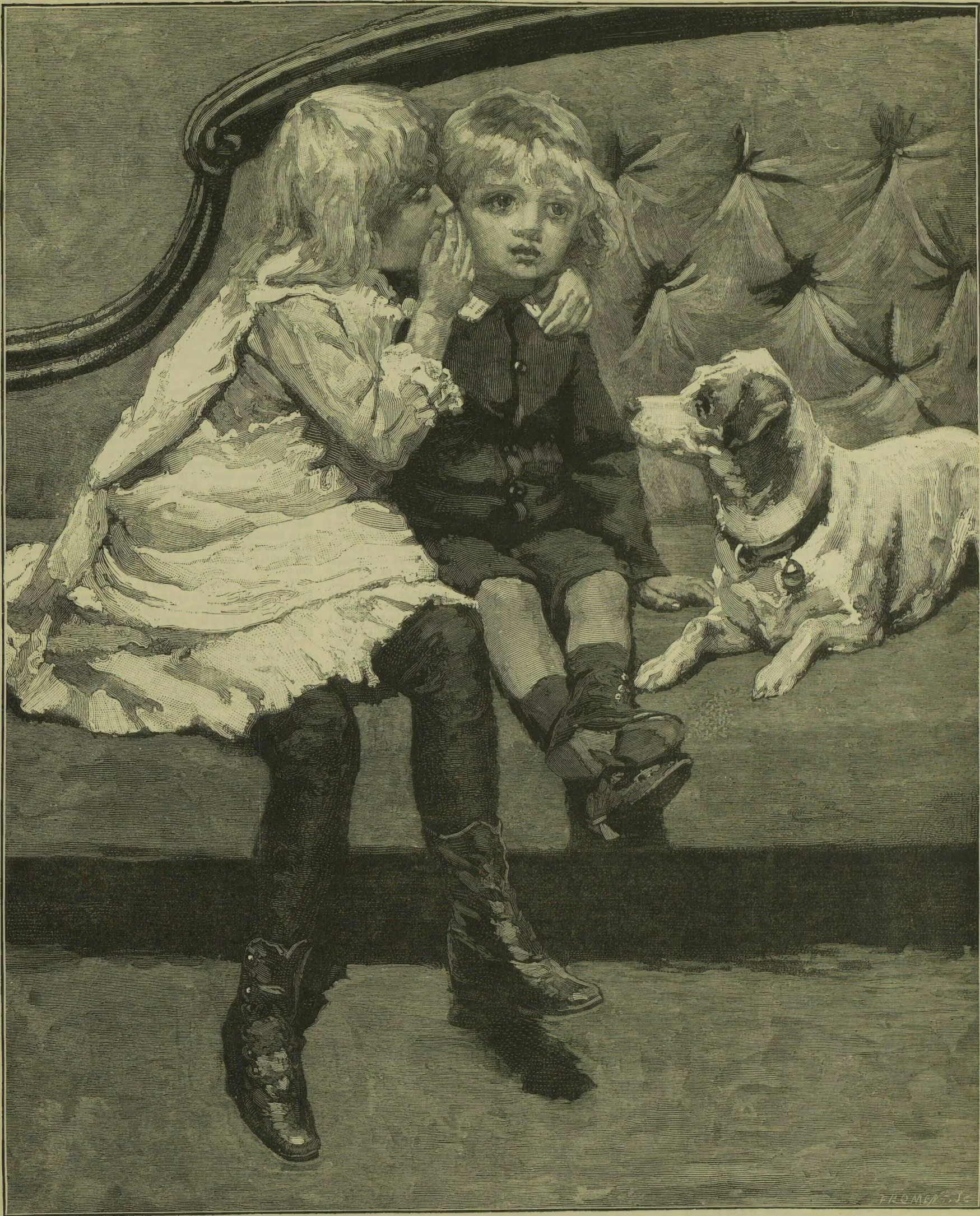
1. Edenburn House, Castleisland, near Tralee.

2. Mr. Samuel Murray Hussey.

3. Back of the house, showing effects of the Explosion.

SCENE OF THE DYNAMITE OUTRAGE NEAR TRALEE, IRELAND.





THE SECRET.

Almost every little girl naturally delights to have a secret, not indeed to keep it to herself, but to tell somebody in the strictest secrecy. It may be one of a very innocent character that this young lady is confiding to her younger brother, who listens with a solemn look forward, being deeply impressed with his responsibility for the mysterious communication. Perhaps, indeed, she is making him aware of her precocious engagement to a lover of her own age; and he begins to consider whether it may not be his duty, taking into account that young gentleman's prospects in life and limited pocket-money, to recommend some degree of caution and patience to the enamoured pair. Twopence a week, and a modest capital invested in toys and trinkets, with the free run of a strawberry-bed and an apple-tree, and the expectation of birthday and Christmas presents, do not appear to this wise little boy sufficient provision for a married couple. On the other hand,

he will in no case betray his sister's trust, but will seriously advise her to tell Mamma, or even Papa, before committing herself to a pledged union of heart and hand with their neighbour's son Jack, who is big enough to swing this little urchin round the room, but is only nine years old. Maggie, for her part, does not want the child's advice, but only his sympathy, or rather seeks to gratify her own sense of self-importance by making his innocent heart the depository of an affair in which she gives herself the airs of a young woman. It may be, however, that we have misinterpreted the subject of her confidences, and that they are of a less ambitious nature; some childish trick which she or her play-fellows have invented to astonish the household, or a discovery which she has made of matters belonging to her elders, may be what she has to reveal in this formidable whisper. The less children whisper to each other, about any-

thing good or bad, the more wholesome is their intercourse for preserving that candour and frankness to which they owe the most endearing charm of early youth, and which ought to be cultivated, as too often it is not, by those who are to watch over their moral growth. This little brother, to judge by his face, is a very good little boy; and the dog knows it as well as we do; let us hope that he will never be the worse for hearing the secrets of his sister. It is too true, "and pity 'tis, 'tis true," that such instances have occurred in families under firm outward discipline, where the children's hearts were suffered to go astray.

The prizes at Whiteland's College for Schoolmistresses, in the King's-road, Chelsea, were distributed last Saturday by the Duchess of Westminster, the Bishop of London presiding.



## THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The winter exhibition of the "old" Society, if unmarked by any work of exceptional merit, still sustains, without apparent effort, the high degree of excellence, although the standard is rapidly shifting with taste and fashion. One looks with a certain surprise at the works of the older members like Richardson, Collingwood Smith, Naftel, Jackson, Birket Foster, and others, who at one time were recognised as the chief exponents of the English school of water-colour painting. Their dexterity, their knowledge of their colours, and of the limits of their powers, are beyond dispute, and it sufficed for them and for their public if they caught and could transfer to their paper the outside face which Nature reveals to all. In marking the contrast which an exhibition like the present reveals, many may be tempted to think that in merely technical skill the moderns do not surpass their older competitors; but for insight into Nature, and for that power of seeing behind her veil, and of interpreting her secrets to the world, there are few who will doubt that water-colour painting in England has higher aims and a more poetic ideal than at any previous period.

The place of honour must be awarded H. R. H. the Princess Louise, who sends three works for exhibition—two water-colours, "Schloss Heidelberg" (97) and a "Peak of Tyrolean Village" (122), and a pencil drawing of her niece the Princess Victoria of Wales (142), an excellent likeness, though slight in work and finish. The picturesque old castle of Heidelberg has been sketched from the projecting rock to the east of the ruin, which it takes in profile, with the broad plain of Rhine valley in the background. The Royal artist has succeeded, with no small skill, in throwing round the castle and its surroundings some of the picturesqueness which the advancing steps of the nineteenth century builder and his employer have done their utmost to destroy. The Tyrolean cottage, with its bright hollyhocks is even a stronger protest in favour of unmodernised life, and a plea for that simplicity which is the outcome and expression of daily requirements.

Amongst the figure-painters at the Water-Colour Society, the President, Sir John Gilbert, is far above his colleagues. "A Retreat" (172) is a mass of troopers riding down a river in search for the ford which is to give them protection from pursuit. The eager figure of the peasant who is acting as guide, and is pulling the leader's horse to the passing point, is in admirable contrast with the sullen defiant air of the soldiers who are retiring before their enemies. In the picture of the "Prince and Princess of Wales going to a Drawing-Room" (247), Sir J. Gilbert has taken care to give prominence to the Life-Guards on duty, and to suggest, with delicate irony, the use of trappings and adornments to quadrupeds as well as to human beings. Mr. A. H. Marsh attaches himself to the school of Mason and Walker. In his "When Work is O'er" (57), the colours are subdued almost to the verge of dullness, and the weary women, as they gather round the weed fire, show by their stained, disordered clothes that they are bearers of life's burden. There is much that is excellent in this work—even if there be little absolutely original—for the sentiment is Mason's and the pose of the principal woman is borrowed from Feyen-Perrin's "Return from Oyster-Fishing," well known to those who have once visited the Luxembourg. Mr. Norman Taylor's "Watching" (178) is a promising work; whilst Carl Haag's "Anwatt" (147) and "Zenib" (153) are powerful sketches of Orientals, showing all the mature powers of the artist. Mention should also be made of Mr. W. E. Lockhart's severe but truthful work, as shown in the "Auld Kirk of St. Monance" (51), "Don Quixote at the Puppet Show" (151)—full of life, and recalling Egg when in his prime—and "A Spanish Venta" (380); of Mr. Tom Lloyd's attempts to treat blazing sunlight in his "Barley-fields" (230), and even greater difficulties in "Bob and His Grandfather" (64) and "The Old Net" (101); of Mr. E. K. Johnson's "Pin-money" (89), "A Farmer's Daughter Feeding her Pigs"; and, above all, of Mr. John Burr's "Fired Nurse" (111), a child who has fallen asleep whilst left in charge of the baby, who is, however, crying lustily enough to wake her sister, even had not the mother been arriving at that very moment. Mr. Brewtall's "All on a Summer's Day" (42) is somewhat devoid of interest, and scarcely up to the level of his previous work.

Mr. H. Stacey Marks sends two of his sketches for a decoration founded on the "Seven Ages of Man," "The Infant" (355), and "The Justice" (349), brimming over with humour. "An Argument" (324), two old men in an ale-house; and "At Anchor" (332), a Yachtsman in the full enjoyment of rest, are full of life.

But, as may be expected, it is in landscapes and studies of wayside nature that English water-colour artists show to the best advantage; and give evidence of their persistent efforts to translate nature, facing instead of evading the difficulties she presents.

Taking the pictures in the order in which they are hung, Mr. David Cox's "Tooting Beck" (6) gives so rural an aspect to a suburban common, that the Commons Preservation Society might do worse than purchase the work as a certificate of their powers and good intentions; and although in his other works the artist rambles from Kent (45) to Cumberland (83), and from Sussex (29) to North Wales (289), he is not more at home with his subject than on Tooting-common. Mr. T. J. Watson's "Wooded Valley" (8) is the most ambitious and also the most successful of his four sketches, all of which, however, bear evidence of careful study. Mr. Collingwood Smith ranks among the most prolific of our painters in water colours, and is represented in the room by a dozen sketches from England, Switzerland, and Italy. He is at his best in such works as Kenilworth (26), a study of foliage and water, and in his studies of rocks at Borrowdale (82) and at Hastings (60); but in these his rendering of the water goes far to destroy the pleasure one would otherwise obtain from a study of his works. Mr. Thorne Waite is even more prolific; but in his case it is only necessary to put aside such little jarring elements as the bright yellow hayrick from the charming view of Bedenham, near Lewes (13), and the unripe greenness of the carted hay (39) in the Newhaven Valley, to enjoy to the full the artist's appreciation of nature, revealed to the highest degree in the Lewes Downs (109), the "Study of Haymakers" (102 and 161), and "A Summer's Evening" (210). Mr. Charles Gregory comes out with unusual strength in his reminiscences of Breton street-life, and his appreciation of the bright colours of fruit and vegetables which the open street markets offer. "A Visit to the Town" (20), "Market-ing in Dinan" (108), are variations of the same theme; whilst the figures in "A Breton Mill-Stream" are so dramatic, and those of the women washing are so refined, that they withdraw the attention from the general merits of the drawing and of the landscape. Mr. T. M. Richardson seemingly produces without effort or repetition the most charming vignettes—Switzerland and Scotland, the Border country, alike furnish subjects, deftly done, and replete with a certain grace, more appreciated formerly than now, and which seems out of place in his larger works, "Brougham Castle" (28) and "Loch Baladern" (35). Mr. J. W. North stands deservedly in the first line of English water-colour artists for delicacy both of fancy

and of execution. "An English Water-Mill" (30), perhaps, scarcely shows him at his best; but the general colouring of the old house, with its time-stained wall, and the exquisitely-finished foreground, are quite in his happiest vein. His only other "exhibit," "Safe" (203), is an unfinished sketch of a girl about to throw herself into an inviting pool, of which it is unfair to speak except as a work of imagination; and as such, it promises to rank high. Miss Clara Montalba has, many will perhaps regret, returned to Venice, after having contributed very powerfully to break down the illusions which were so long in vogue respecting the skies and waters which compass the Queen of the Adriatic. Her sketches last year from Holland showed that in colour she was in reality more in harmony with the pale skies and gabled roofs of the Low Countries than even with the lagoons and campaniles of North Italy, where she had laid the foundations of her success. Of the thirteen sketches contributed, there are not more than three or four which do not deal with the seafaring life of the Venetians or their neighbours. One of these exceptions (63) is almost the best of all: a bridge over one of the smaller canals, with a gondola moored in the shadow, away from the bright sunshine which beats down upon the rest of the scene—and another, "Fishing" (196), a girl lying at full length at the bottom of a flight of white marble steps, lazily watching her line. Of the sea-pieces, there are few fuller of poetry or force than that of the "Zattaro" (131), the timber-ships from Dalmatia just coming to an anchor, taking down their sails, caught by the golden glow of sunset. "Crab Baskets" (281), "San Nicolò del Lido" (226), and "On the Giudecca" (211), are also bright specimens of Miss Montalba's skill. Mr. O. W. Brierly shows that his younger rivals have still a long distance to traverse before they can outstrip their master. In the "Mackerel Boats off Margate" (43) is an exceedingly delicate study of an early-morning effect of our somewhat colourless clouds and waves; and its merits come out by contrast with its by no means unworthy neighbours, Mr. T. Danby's "Swansea Bay" (49) and his own "Fresh Breeze on the Lagoon" (50). Mr. Brierly is numerous represented, and among his fifteen works, so many of which are of equal excellence, it is difficult to make a choice, but those relating to Ramsgate and our eastern coast seem more suited to Mr. Brierly's brush than Venetian lagoons and Italian skies. Mr. H. M. Marshall has been of late going far afield for fresh subjects; but, after all, there is a good deal in common between the Tyne and the Thames—the same murky atmosphere, the same bustle and smoke; elements of which Mr. Marshall is the master. "Whitehall" (54) is a poetic rendering of the very prosaic and everyday event of a struggle between London sun and London smoke. And, however much we may lament this permanent condition of our life, Mr. Marshall makes good use of it in this sketch—as in "A Spring Morning" (267), in "Westminster," and "Two Views of the Tower" (120)—to throw a sort of romantic glory round our public buildings, which may reconcile some to the drawback of smoke nuisances. In the views of Whitby, "A Grey Morning" (150) and "The Upper Harbour" (368), he challenges comparison with Mr. Alfred Hunt; and it is no discredit to Mr. Marshall to say that he falls short of the results which that last exponent of the Turnerian landscape has so frequently achieved. Comparing, however, Mr. Marshall with Mr. Wyllie—who seems also to have been drawing inspiration from Tyneside life (377 and 262), and especially in "Lowlights, North Shields" (77)—the latter seems to throw more of his energy into the river-life of the place, and the former more of his feelings into its surroundings. Amongst water-colour painters who give the rein to fancy, Mr. A. Goodwyn claims the first place; and alike when treating real scenes, as in "The River at Rest" (90), a chilly haze covering the trees and steeple of Stratford-on-Avon, and the sharp outlines of the "Hastings Beach" (92), or when he owes everything to imagination, as in "The Island of Shalot" (177), and (in spite of its localisation) that glorified puddle, "Porlock Weir" (184). There are few works in the present exhibition more worthy of study than this last-named sketch, offering some of the most difficult problems of painting—the green-tinted water of the foreground deepening into blue in the background. The whole harmonised by means of the grey mist which the sun attempts to pierce, making up a fairy scene of exquisite beauty. In "A Mountain Stream" (254), by the same artist, we recognise his rare power of rendering transparent water as it rushes over stones and boulders, or as it lies placid and unruffled in "Clovell Bay" (297). Scarcely less worthy of note are the delicate works of Mr. G. P. Boyce, who has the power of conveying in minute sketches a sense of beauty almost akin to grandeur. For example, in the simple sketch of "Hambleton Heath" (157) there is this suggestion of wide expanse of open moor and sky lying all round the red-tiled house half-buried in golden trees and burnt bracken, which forms the central interest of the picture; and, again, in the sketch of "Dorchester" (230), with its exquisite colouring, one gets a sudden revelation of how at rare intervals a dull, damp Oxfordshire village may look. "The Malvern Hills" (334) and "The Hills Behind Arisaig" (81) are instances of Mr. Boyce's powers when dealing with wide and almost unmanageable subjects; whilst in the "Moonlight Scene in Venice" (344) he gives almost a weird effect to the outlines of San Giorgio as seen in the deep-blue moonlight through the Arches of the Doge's Palace. In complete contrast to Mr. Boyce, but perhaps more than equal in popular appreciation, is Mr. G. Fripp, of whose careful rendering of Nature there are, however, only two works on the walls—"Weston Mill" (167), a well-known haunt of artists near Leamington, and the less hackneyed subject of "Bossiney Bay" (345), where Mr. Fripp has bestowed all his care and deftness on the beauties of the road to the sands.

Amongst the older Associates, Mr. Birket Foster is up to his usual level of conscientious minute work in his three sketches—scarcely more than vignettes—from the "Western Highlands" (141), and in his "Surrey Cottage" (373), outside of which a girl is seated, under the shadow of an apple-tree in full blossom; Mr. S. P. Jackson displays, in eighteen pictures, his accustomed fertility and facility, calling attention to numerous spots of beauty on the banks of the Thames which escape the less artistic eye; and Mr. W. Callow, hardly second to him in facility of expression, sends some of those sketches of English coast scenery and reminiscences of foreign wanderings which are a never failing attraction to his admirers—"The Market-place, Courtrai" (229), deserving special mention. Mr. C. Davidson is faithful to his Cornish home, and each year succeeds in making us better acquainted with its sequestered beauties. Among the younger artists, Miss M. Forster deserves notice, especially in her smaller works, such as "Pembroke Castle" (286) and "Monkton Priory" (294). These, as well as her Brittany scenes, are full of delicate feeling; but her larger works, "Early Morning on the Seine" (369) and "A Normandy Homestead" (250) are wanting in interest, and fail to arrest the attention the care bestowed upon them deserves.

Want of space prevents us doing more than mention Mrs. Allingham, Mr. E. J. Poynter, Mr. Holman Hunt—their names alone will suffice to call attention to their works.

## CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Dec. 3.

There is now no prospect that the Bank rate will be reduced until after the turn of the year, as not only has money come to be in active demand, but it must in the ordinary course be more wanted as the year draws to a close. Our bullion position neither improves nor gets worse, the influx of gold having quite ceased, while there is no exchange demand. The renewed dearthness of money is, however, against Consols and associated securities, but more speculative descriptions are exciting increased attention. Excepting Mexican and one or two other defaulted South American issues, Foreign bonds have been in favour. Egyptian have generally gained in connection with the plans of the British Cabinet in regard to Egyptian finance, though from day to day there have been differing opinions in regard to Unified, which is necessarily the "open stock" of the Debt. The tendency of Home Railways has also been favourable in all but one or two cases. Metropolitan and Metropolitan District have been more or less flat for several days, while several others have been very firm, especially Caledonian, North British, Brighton, and South-Eastern. Canadian and United States railways have joined in this upward movement under the double influence of an over-sold account and better prospects. In the case of Mexican railway stocks, the rebound has been due to the forced closing of very large accounts for the fall, during which the principal broker concerned has been declared a defaulter.

Greece seems to be borrowing too fast for her young credit. The arrangement made in 1879 was followed, in 1881, by a loan of £4,800,000 in 5 per cent bonds, at 74. Now £4,400,000 is offered at 68½, power being reserved to hereafter increase this issue to £6,800,000. The fault of Greece, as of many other weak borrowers, is, that they charge themselves too readily with sinking funds. It would be better to sell 5 per cent bonds without any reference to an intention to repay. The debt could then be reduced by purchases in the market, or by formal notice of repayment issue by issue, just as the country's convenience suggested.

For the sixth consecutive half-year, the Bank of British North America is to pay a dividend of 6 per cent per annum. This is a long way behind what the Bank of Montreal has accustomed its shareholders to, but the London-managed company is far distant from the scene of action, and safety is naturally more to the directors than the quick seizing of all opportunities. Moreover, the shareholders have this advantage, that they are in no contingency liable for calls. In its turn, that also, in some degree, limits the work of the directors.

The dividend of the English Bank of the River Plate for the year 1883-4 is to be made up to 6½ per cent, and £14,000 is to be added to reserve, thereby making that fund £20,000. A call of £2 per share has been decided upon, which will bring the paid-up capital to £500,000, and leave an equal amount uncalled.

In respect of the half-year to June 30 last, the directors of the East Indian Railway Company will next month propose a surplus dividend to the holders of deferred annuities to the amount of £1 2s. 8d. This compares with £1 12s. 6d. for the first half of 1883, and £1 11s. for the first half of 1882.

Holders of Bombay, Baroda, and Central India Railway stock are to be congratulated upon the results attained from the working for the first six months of the year, the earnings during that period being the most satisfactory in the experience of the line. The net amount available for dividend will admit of a distribution of £1 7s. 6d. per cent, in addition to the guaranteed interest of £2 10s., or together at the rate of 7½ per cent per annum, which on the present market quotation—viz., 153, is equal to a return of £4 18s. per cent. For the first half of 1883 the excess dividend was £1 3s. 6d., and for the corresponding period of 1882 it was 17s. 6d. T. S.

## POCKET-BOOKS AND DIARIES FOR 1885.

Messrs. De La Rue and Co. are to the front with their pocket-books, diaries, calendars, and other devices for noting the flight of time during the forthcoming year. On the elegance and accuracy of the productions by this firm it is not needful to dwell: the name has long been a synonym for the beautiful in art stationery, and, it may be added, that in their works usefulness ever goes hand in hand with beauty. The specimens of exquisite colour-printing in season cards issued by this firm are noted on another page.

Quite as efficient are Messrs. Letts, Son, and Co.'s acceptable diaries and other time-chronicling and time-saving publications for 1885, all of good materials and workmanship, adapted for different professions, trades, and manufactures. They contain information of practical, every-day requirement, and are of various sizes, progressing from miniature tomes for the waistcoat pocket to thick folio volumes. Among these sound practical publications are office diaries and almanacks, strongly bound in folio, quarto, and octavo sizes; tablet diary and blotting pad, folio size; and rough diaries, or scribbling books, interleaved with blotting paper, folio, quarto, and octavo.

In consequence of the opening of so many picture exhibitions being fixed for the same day (Monday last), we are forced to postpone until next week our notice of the Institute of Painters in Oils, of the Society of British Artists, and of M. Roussoff's Drawings.

We are requested to state the large collection of old miniatures on ivory, by Richard Cosway, lately exhibited at the Brighton Art Loan Exhibition, where it was the chief attraction, is now on view at Mr. Edward Joseph's Art Galleries, 158, New Bond-street.

The annual supper to men and boys of the criminal class, who are endeavouring to lead an honest life, assisted in their efforts by the St. Giles's Christian Mission, took place on Tuesday evening at the Mission Chapel in Little Wild-street, Drury-lane. The chair was taken by Mr. Justice North, who was supported by the Lord Mayor, Sir Henry Holland, Mr. Monro, several of the governors and chaplains of the Metropolitan prisons, and ladies and gentlemen interested in this excellent work. The guests of the evening numbered between two and three hundred.

Mrs. Weldon, in her action in the Queen's Bench against Dr. Forbes Winslow, obtained last Saturday a verdict on two counts. The jury found that the defendant, before publishing the letter in justification of his action against the plaintiff, had had ample time to discover his mistake, and for this, one shilling nominal damages was awarded; while for the "assault" committed by the attendants sent by Dr. Winslow, the damages were assessed at £500. Mr. Justice Denman thereupon gave judgment for these two sums, but stayed execution for a week. Mr. Justice Mathew and Mr. Justice Day heard on Monday the arguments of Sir H. Giffard on points raised in the action brought by Mrs. Weldon against General De Bathe, and judgment was given in her favour as to the publication of the libel, and against her on the point of trespass.



## THE SILENT MEMBER.

The consultations of the Prime Minister, the Marquis of Hartington, and Sir Charles Dilke on the one side, and of the Marquis of Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote on the other, having had the happiest issue, the Lords and Commons re-assembled on Monday in the full hope that the lines of the Redistribution Bill would be disclosed by the Government. Nor were they disappointed. When the House of Lords met, the Marquis of Salisbury had no difficulty in persuading their Lordships to postpone the Committee stage of the County Franchise Bill till Thursday. The curious among the Peers were then at liberty to troop to their allotted gallery in the House of Commons to hear Mr. Gladstone unfold his new measure of Parliamentary Reform, which, it may be said at the outset, had not only received the sanction of Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote in advance, but has since won the favour of such hitherto irreconcilable opponents of the Ministry as the proprietors of the *Newcastle Chronicle* and the *Freeman's Journal*.

Mr. Gladstone had sagaciously taken the precaution of reconciling his Liberal and Radical followers to the Redistribution scheme by explaining its scope to them beforehand, at a special meeting called together in the afternoon at the Foreign Office. Doth not a meeting like this make amends? Be that as it may, there was a full House on the tiptoe of expectation when the Premier—rather late, quite an exceptional thing with him—stole in from behind the Speaker's Chair, and received the customary tribute of cheering paid him on State occasions.

As it is on the cards a new era of expeditious legislation may have been inaugurated by the friendly deliberations on this measure, so it may be that Mr. Gladstone's strictly business-like exposition on Monday may be the commencement of a welcome series of terse—comparatively terse—speeches by him. The right hon. gentleman did not take more than fifty minutes to expound the plan of the Allies—if it be proper to designate thus those who had been up to November far as the poles asunder in politics. Divided into Schedules A and B, the bill is simple as A B C, as Mr. Gladstone soon made clear. The broad outlines are given in another column. Here it may be briefly stated that the measure, while removing the manifest inconsistencies that have rendered our existing system of representation so inadequate, proposes to disfranchise nobody. Those who possess the franchise at present in the boroughs which are to be disfranchised because they contain less than 15,000 inhabitants will be entitled to record their votes in the counties. Each borough of 50,000 will have one member only; and boroughs of between 50,000 and 165,000, two members each. By this easy method, the due representation of the great centres of population will be secured. London, in lieu of its ten boroughs and twenty-two members, will have thirty-eight boroughs and sixty-two members; the City having to be content with two members. Mr. Gladstone's birth-place, Liverpool, will be honoured by an increase of six members; Manchester, three additional members; Leeds, two; Sheffield, three; Birmingham four, and Glasgow four. While Rutland and Hereford are to be deprived of one member each, Lancashire is to be presented with fifteen members more, and Yorkshire with sixteen; Middlesex with five extra; Cork, five; Durham and Lanark, four additional. While this augmentation will take place where justifiable, Ireland and Wales will retain the same number of seats; but England will gain six and Scotland twelve members. Finally, Boundary Commissioners will settle the electoral areas under the new measure, which was read the first time on Monday, Thursday being appointed for the second reading.

With the exception of Sir John Lubbock and of Mr. Leonard Courtney, who has resigned his position in the Ministry because minorities are not, in his opinion, sufficiently cared for in the Redistribution Bill, few members have objected to the measure. Mr. Chaplin stood out on the Conservative side. But his opposition does not count for much. Neither does Mr. Courtney's. Although an undoubtedly clever man and able administrator, Mr. Courtney has a naturally hard voice and manner, which detract considerably from the influence he might obtain in the House. Though he may turn out to be a pungent critic and a candid friend to the Government he has seceded from, he is not likely to injure the Ministry, as he has no following.

The necessity of maintaining the Naval supremacy of England is recognised by all classes in this country. That the Government are keenly alive to the fact was formally declared in both Houses on Tuesday by the Earl of Northbrook as First Lord of the Admiralty, and by Sir Thomas Brassey, duly qualified seaman and Secretary to the Admiralty. In token of this wideawakeness, Lord Northbrook made known to their Lordships that the Admiralty would in the course of the next year lay down four large Ironclads, and two huge Torpedo-Rams of the Polyphemus type. In addition to the two Torpedo-Cruisers being built, ten fresh ones are to be put in hand; and thirty Torpedo-Boats and five armoured Cruisers are to be constructed. Home harbours and Coaling Stations abroad are to be fortified. The cost of this projected expenditure is estimated at £5,525,000 in all, to be spread over a period of five years. But this knotty point will no doubt be thoroughly examined by the Parliamentary Commission on naval and military affairs to be appointed next year. The lucid explanations of Lord Northbrook and of Sir Thomas Brassey, were subjected to acute criticism, Mr. W. H. Smith and Lord Henry Lennox in particular offering some pertinent observations in the Lower House, and Sir Wilfrid Lawson objecting, as usual, to the increased expenditure on economical and humanitarian grounds. On the whole, the Government may be congratulated upon the resolve to maintain the efficiency of the British Navy.

The Court of Common Council has voted 200 guineas as a donation to the Crippled Boys' Home, Kensington.

The mansion of Mr. Henry Matier, J.P., of Fortwilliam Park, Belfast, was completely destroyed by fire last week.

Sir Moses Montefiore's health is, says the *Jewish World*, thoroughly re-established.

Heavy falls of snow are reported from various parts of the country, especially in the north and the midlands.

Mr. Marum, M.P., is reported to have resigned his seat for Kilkenny on account of a difference with Mr. Parnell.

Mr. John Clerk, Q.C., of the Parliamentary Bar, has been elected treasurer of the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple for the ensuing year, in succession to Mr. Mackeson, Q.C.

The inquest on the body of Miss Elizabeth Ann Whitehead Keyse was resumed on Monday at the Townhall, St. Mary Church, near Torquay, and concluded with a verdict of wilful murder against John Lee, the servant, who is in custody.

On Tuesday at the Central Criminal Court the trial of the three men, Thomas, Nash, and Gunnell, on a charge of having forged the will of the late Mr. James Whalley, was brought to an end. The two former were found guilty, and the latter was acquitted. Thomas and Nash were each sentenced by Mr. Justice Stephen to be kept in penal servitude for fifteen years.

## THE REDISTRIBUTION OF SEATS.

The bill introduced by Mr. Gladstone on Monday will make the following alterations in the composition of the House of Commons.

The House will consist of 670 members, instead of 652; 465 for England, 30 for Wales, 72 for Scotland, 103 for Ireland; an increase of twelve for Scotland and six for England, while Ireland and Wales keep their present number. There will be 241 for the English counties, instead of 172, 7 new county members for Scotland, 22 new county members for Ireland; these seats being obtained by the total disfranchisement of 97 boroughs having each less than 15,000 population, and of six rural boroughs; and by taking one member from 37 boroughs or cities of less than 50,000 population, now having two members. For those with a population between 50,000 and 165,000 the two members will be retained, and they will constitute, as well as the City of London, two-membered constituencies. Boroughs above the limit of 165,000 will receive an additional member or members, and will be divided into wards, each returning a single member. The counties will be divided into districts with single members.

The 75 towns in England and Wales that lose their separate representation are as follow:—

Abingdon	Devizes	Lichfield	Rye
Andover	Dorchester	Liskeard	Sandwich
Banbury	Droitwich	Ludlow	St. Ives
Barnstaple (2)	Evesham	Lymington	Shaftesbury
Beaumaris	Eye	Macclesfield	Stamford
Berwick (2)	Frome	Maldon	Tamworth (2)
Bewdley	Guildford	Malton	Tavistock
Bodmin	Harwich	Malmesbury	Tewkesbury
Brecknock	Haverfordwest	Marlborough	Thirsk
Bridgnorth	Ilchester	Marlow	Tiverton (2)
Brighthelm	Ilford	Midhurst	Truro (2)
Buckingham	Hertford	Newark (2)	Wallingford
Calne	Horsham	Newport	Wareham
Cardigan District	Huntingdon	Northampton	Westbury
Chichester	Kendal	Petersfield	Weymouth (2)
Chippenham	Knaresborough	Poole	Whitby
Cirencester	Launceston	Radnor District	Wilton
Citheroe	Leominster	Richmond	Woodstock
Clackmannon	Lewes	Ripon	Wycombe

The rural boroughs totally disfranchised are Aylesbury (2), Cricklade (2), East Retford (2), Wenlock (2), Stroud (2), and New Shoreham (2).

The Scottish boroughs disfranchised are Haddington District and Wigtown District.

The boroughs which will lose separate representation in Ireland are 21 in number, as follow:—

Armagh	Coleraine	Ennis	New Ross
Athlone	Downpatrick	Enniskillen	Portlanning
Bandon	Dundalk	Kinsale	Trillick
Carlow	Dungannon	Lisburn	Wexford
Carrickfergus	Dungarvan	Mallow	Youghal
Clongmel			

The towns in England and Wales now represented by two members, but which, having fewer than 50,000 inhabitants, will lose one member:—

Bedford	Durham	Maidstone	Salisbury
Boston	Exeter	Montgomery District	Scarborough
Bury St. Edmunds	Falmouth	Shrewsbury	Shrewsbury
Cambridge	Gloucester	Newcastle-under-Lyme	Stafford
Carlisle	Grantham	Peterborough	Taunton
Chester	Hastings	Pontefract	Warwick
Chichester	Hereford	Reading	Wigan
Coveytry	King's Lynn	Rochester	Winchester
Dover	Lincoln		Worcester

In Scotland there are no boroughs which will lose a member under this rule, and there are in Ireland only the cities of Limerick, Waterford, and Galway. The seats thus gained are thirty-six. Two members will be taken from London, one from the county of Rutland, which now returns two, and one from Herefordshire, which is now represented by three members. The Irish county of Carlow will also lose one member.

These 160 seats, together with six which have been liberated by the disfranchisement of Irish and English boroughs for corrupt practices, will be given to new county districts, new boroughs, and new divisions of boroughs. Seven new boroughs will be created round London; and the existing London boroughs, like the other large boroughs with more than 165,000 inhabitants, will be divided into wards. The addition to the representation of London will be thirty-seven members. The new ward or parish boroughs of London (including parts of existing metropolitan boroughs) and the new boroughs around London, to be as follow:—

Battersea and Clapham (2)	Finsbury (St. Luke's Parish)	Limehouse	St. Pancras (4)
Bermundsey	Fulham	Marylebone (2)	Shoreditch (2)
Bethnal-green (2)	Greenwich (1)	Mile-end (2)	Southwark (1)
Camberwell (3)	Hackney (3)	Newington, Surrey (2)	Strand
Chelsea (St. Luke's Parish only)	Hammersmith	Paddington (2)	Tower Hamlets (1)
Clerkenwell	Hampstead	Poplar (2)	Westminster (1)
Croydon	Holborn	Rotherhithe	Wandsworth
Deptford	Islington (4)	St. George-in-the-East	West Ham (2)
	Kensington (2)	St. George's, Hanover square	Woolwich
	Lambeth (4)		
	Lewisham		

The county of Middlesex is to have seven members, Surrey six, Kent eight, Essex eight, being increased on account of their populous districts adjacent to London. There will be 38 metropolitan boroughs, with 62 members.

In the largest provincial towns, the additions will be of an equally liberal character. Liverpool will get six more members, and will be cut up into nine wards; Glasgow will have four more, and vote in seven divisions. Birmingham will also receive four more, and be divided in a similar manner; Manchester will double its representation, and have six members; and Leeds and Sheffield will have in all five members each; Dublin and Belfast will each have four members, and will be divided into as many wards. The new boroughs created with one member each, in the country generally, are Aston Manor (adjacent to Birmingham), Barrow-in-Furness, West Bromwich, Hanley, and Great Yarmouth.

The additional members bestowed on the counties will be distributed on the same one-member principle which is adopted in the large towns. There will be sixteen new members for county districts in Yorkshire, fifteen for Lancashire; Middlesex will gain five, and the county of Durham four. The county of Cork will also receive five new members, and Lanarkshire four, while Glamorganshire has an addition of three. The following counties have each two members added to their existing representation:—

Cheshire	Essex	Northamptonshire	Sussex
Cornwall	Kent	Shropshire	Warwickshire
Devonshire			

The following counties in Ireland gain two members each, in addition to what they now have:—

Antrim	Down	Kerry	Tipperary
Donegal	Galway	Mayo	Tyrrone

The following counties receive one additional member:—

Derbyshire	Hampshire	Monmouthshire	Suffolk
Dorsetshire	Hertfordshire	Somersetshire	Wiltshire
Gloucestershire	Lincolnshire	Staffordshire	Worcestershire

Herefordshire and Rutlandshire lose one each.

In Scotland, one additional member each to Fifeshire, Perthshire, and Renfrewshire.

In Ireland, one more given to Armagh, but taken from Carlow.

## THE LATE MR. F. W. HULME.

The death of this accomplished artist, on the 14th ult., was announced in our Journal. He was born at Swinton, in Yorkshire, in 1816; but while he was still young, his father, who was a designer for the earthenware manufacture, removed to Hanley. The son assisted in that work till 1844, when he came to London, and devoted himself to lithography, but afterwards became a landscape-painter of high reputation. Though not a member of any of the Societies, his works always obtained a good place at the Exhibitions, and were much appreciated by the general public.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Watkins.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 10, 1882), with a codicil (dated Jan. 25, 1884), of Mr. Eustratios Ralli, late of No. 93, Lancaster-gate, and of Scio House, Putney-heath, who died on Sept. 1 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by Lucas Eustratios Ralli, the son, and Alexander Anthony Vlasto, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £611,000. The testator leaves his residences at Putney-heath and Lancaster-gate and all his real estate in the Piræus, Athens, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Eustratios Ralli, for life, and then to his said son; and he bequeaths all the furniture, plate, books, pictures, jewellery, effects, horses and carriages at his dwelling-houses, and £20,000, to his wife; £5000 to each of his executors; £50,000 to his daughter Mrs. Calliope Vlasto; £50,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Harriet Ralli, for life, and then for her children as she shall appoint; £20,000 to his daughter Katherine Baroness Paul Ralli; £10,000, upon trust, for his grand-daughter, Marigo Mavrogordato; £50,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Despina Mavrogordato, for life; and then as to £5000 thereof for his said grand-daughter Marigo, £5000 for his grand-daughter Julia Ralli, and £20,000 each for his grandsons, Eustratios and Antonio Mavrogordato; £500 each to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, and the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney; £500 to the Academy of his native island of Scio; £500 to the Hospitals of the said island; £500 for repairing the metropolitan Church of St. Victor, Scio; £200 to be distributed among the poor of the said island; and legacies to servants. The testator does not leave any legacies to his daughter Mrs. Julia Scaramanga, and his daughter-in-law, the widow of his deceased son, John Eustratios Ralli, as they are already amply provided for. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held upon trust, to pay such income to his wife as she in her discretion shall think fit, and at her death for his said son.

The will (dated March 20, 1884), of Mrs. Mary Ann Allison, late of Belle Rose, Darlington, in the county of Durham, who died on July 9 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by Richard Willan and Walton Smith, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to nearly £90,000. The testatrix bequeaths £4000 each to her nephews and nieces, Henry Todd, Edward Todd, Fanny Smith, and Mary Ann Appleby; £4000 to the children of her deceased nephew Charles Todd; £4000, upon trust, for Richard Willan, for life; and legacies to other of her relatives and others. As to the residue of her property she leaves one seventh each to her said nephews and nieces and to the children of her late nephew, Charles Todd; one seventh to the children of her late nephew Thomas Jennett Todd; and one seventh, upon trust, for Mr. Willan, for life, and at his death to be divided among her said relatives.

The will (dated July 25, 1883), with a codicil (dated July 27 following), of General Randal Rumley, formerly of No. 16, Eaton-square, but late of Queen Anne's Mansions, who died on Sept. 13 last, at Hungerford, Berks, was proved on the 8th ult. by Ralph Burch, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £65,000. The testator, after confirming several appointments made by his late wife, leaves all his military medals and crosses, silver plate, and certain pictures to be selected by him, to his late wife's brother, the Earl of Berkeley; £4500, upon trust, for Viscount Dursley; and all his real estate and the residue of the personality to his nephew, Robert Dennis, and his niece, Mrs. Emily Green, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 1, 1879), with a codicil (dated May 27, 1881), of Mr. Henry Chatteris, late of No. 1, Queen Victoria-street and of No. 2, Royal-crescent, Brighton, chartered accountant, who died at Tunbridge Wells, on Aug. 25 last, was proved on the 12th ult. by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Chatteris, the widow, Charles Chatteris, the son, Thomas Myddleton Morris, and Charles Lee Nicholls, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £35,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture, pictures, plate, books, and household effects to his wife, and he gives her the option of having the lease of his house at Brighton assigned to her; there are also pecuniary legacies to his wife, executors, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to make up, if need be, with what she is entitled to receive under his articles of partnership, his wife's income to £1200 per annum, and subject thereto for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated June 4, 1883), with a codicil (dated June 12, 1884), of Mrs. Ann Bean, late of No. 166, Lewisham-road, Lewisham, who died on Oct. 1 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by John Robinson Bromley, Thomas Mandy, and Henry Drew Wood, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testatrix bequeaths £200 each to the Royal Kent Dispensary, the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots, the National Benevolent Institution, the City of London Truss Society, the Seamen's Hospital at Greenwich, and the British Asylum for Incurables; and there are numerous and considerable legacies to her own and her late husband's relatives and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her cousin, the said John Robinson Bromley.

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1883) of Mr. Thomas Forsbrey, late of No. 187, Clapham-road, and of No. 118, Metropolitan Meat Market, meat salesman, who died on Oct. 15 last, was proved on the 7th ult. by Mrs. Maria Susan Ann Forsbrey, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £24,000. The testator gives all his real and personal estate to his wife, for her own sole and absolute use and benefit.

Captain E. Billinge has been appointed to the command of the steam-ship Great Eastern, on her forthcoming voyage to New Orleans.

In London last week 2587 births and 1716 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 72, and the deaths 81, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

The celebration of the golden wedding of the Marquis and Marchioness of Ailesbury took place yesterday week, at Saverne House, Marlborough. Amongst the guests were Viscount Saverne, Lord Henry Brudenell Bruce, Lord and Lady Frederick B. Bruce, and Sir Henry Meux. The marriage took place at St. George's, Hanover-square, Nov. 25, 1834.





COLONEL THE HON. P. S. METHUEN, C.B.



THE LATE MR. F. W. HULME, ARTIST.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES WARREN, K.C.M.G.

## THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

Our Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, who accompanies General Sir Peter Lumsden and the other Commissioners of the British Government for the joint British and Russian survey of the boundary line from Sarakhs eastward along the northern frontier of Afghanistan, sends us very interesting Sketches of their journey from Teheran across the northern parts of Persia and Khorassan. They reached the Persian capital towards the end of September; and our readers have seen the Engravings from his sketches of the ceremonious reception given to Sir Peter Lumsden and his party by the Shah, at the summer palace of Sultanabad; and the Views of Gulahek, the country residence of the British Legation, and of the celebrated mountain, Demavend, which rises at some distance on the eastward road from Teheran. It was on Oct. 2 that the camp started from Teheran, and began moving steadily on to Shahrud in order to reach the north-western frontier of Afghanistan. Mr. Simpson writes: "Sir Peter being anxious to press forward in order to be in time to meet the escort and other officers of the Commission coming via Herat from India, and also to get the necessary arrangements made when the

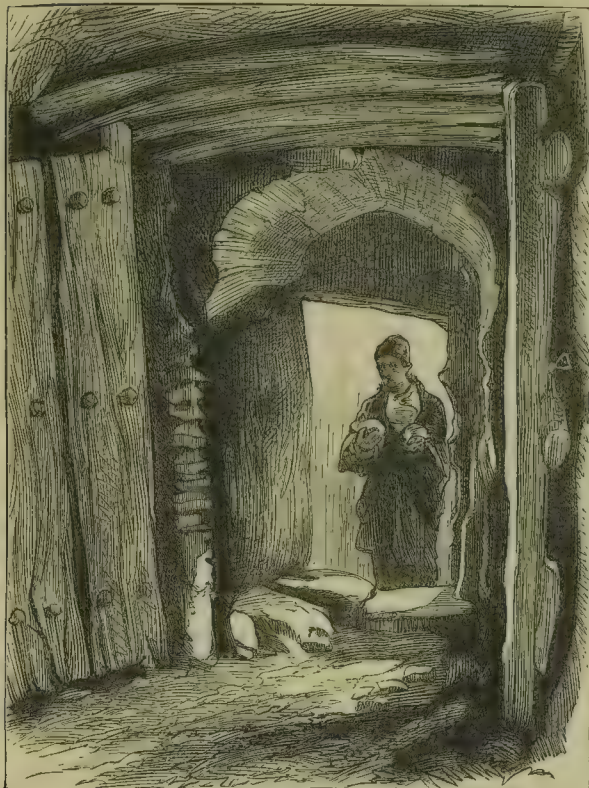
whole body is joined into one camp, we have to make long marches. The average is over twenty miles a day. Some are even longer than this. In a camp, cooking, washing, and everything has to be done, and such long marches take up a good many hours, leaving but little time to the servants. To give them as much of the day time in camp as possible, we start early in the morning, sometimes at four o'clock, and when it is a long march we have been in the saddle at half-past three, and even at three o'clock. Luckily, we have had a bright moon, which has made these early hours easy on the way and allowed us to see our path on the tracks or trails which constitute a road in Persia. We have an escort from a Cossack regiment belonging to the Shah which accompanies us. Two of these soldiers ride on in front, while the officer in command, and the main body, bring up the rear. The escort does not imply that there is any danger on the road, for the road in Persia is very safe for travellers. We look upon this guard in the light of a mark of respect from the Shah to Sir Peter Lumsden, as the head of the expedition. As an evidence that no fear of bad characters is entertained, it may be mentioned that almost every morning some members of the Commission ride on in advance, and alone, to the new camping ground. Sir Peter rides steadily along at the rate of something like four miles an hour. On his left in the picture is Captain A. F. Barrow, A.D.C. and private secretary; on the right are Mr. A. Condie Stephen, C.B., assistant commissioner, and his secretary, Mr. Arthur Herbert. Behind them is the Cossack guard, and other followers.

"The other Sketches inclosed illustrate a peculiar feature of Persian history which existed so late as thirty years ago. The people inhabiting the country from Sarakhs to Bokhara, and from Afghanistan to the Caspian, are known as Turkomans. These people were in the habit of making raids on any of their neighbours all round, who were not strong enough to

resist, and they carried off not only the horses, cattle, and grain, and whatever they could lay their hands upon, but they also carried off men, women, and children, who became slaves. The eastern frontier of Persia was particularly open to these expeditions, and the Turkomans would sweep down upon villages at times a thousand strong. Men and women working in the fields, if they had not timely notice, would be pounced upon, and carried off. As a means of safety, watch-towers were erected, and a look-out was kept for the raiding foe. Small mud towers are still seen in the fields, with a door which could be closed with a stone, and the people found shelter in them till the enemy passed on. It is the movement of Russia into Central Asia which has put a stop to these Turkoman raids, and it is the same movement which has led to Sir Peter Lumsden's Mission; but the population of this part of the world can now work by day in the fields without danger, and sleep soundly at night without fear. The extent of the Turkoman depredations may be understood best by stating that they carried their raids at times to within a hundred miles of Teheran. Lasgird is, perhaps, a little over a hundred miles from the capital, and the interest attaching to the place is from its construction as a means of safety and defence. In

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION: MARCH IN THE EARLY MORNING, IN PERSIA.  
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.





GATEWAY, LASGIRD.

this respect it is perhaps unique. It is a village fortress, so arranged that the people, with their cattle and grain, could find a sure shelter when the Turkomans appeared. Mud is the building material of the villages here, and this is the substance of which Lasgird is constructed. In plan it is in the form of a circle; speaking roughly, it may be nearly two hundred yards diameter, with very thick walls, particularly at the base. The whole of the lower part is a mass of vaulted cellars, the vaults being roofed with sun-dried bricks. This was for containing the grain. Above this were more vaulted spaces for the horses and cattle; and over them are the houses of the inhabitants, of which there are two storeys. These are high up, so as to be out of reach of any means the Turkomans had of making an attack. The means of ascending to these rooms are all in the interior, and are stairs and ladders of the rudest description. Inside, as well as outside, there are communicating balconies made of the stumps of trees, overlaid with branches, on which mud has been laid; these balconies have no rails on the outside, and from their great height they seem most dangerous places for women, and more

particularly for children, to venture upon. We saw sheep and goats feeding on them. It is one of the strangest dwelling places I have yet seen in all my travels. Now, as there is no fear of raids, the structure is not kept up as it used to be. The lower vaults, for grain and animals, are going to decay; but, although they have tumbled down, the remains of arch over arch show what a beehive it must have been. There are a number of wells within, which were kept in good order, but are now neglected. The well of the village is a new structure, pyramidal in form, in tiers of steps, which may be seen in my Sketch of the exterior on the left hand. There is only one entrance to Lasgird, and it is of very small dimensions. It has a stone door, 45 in. high, by 37 in. wide, and about 7 in. or 8 in. thick. This could be closed, and there are the holes for a strong bar within to make it secure. It is not now used, and a wooden door within is at present sufficient protection. The stone door still remains. I tried to move it, but found my strength insufficient. In front of this door is a mosque, built of sun-dried bricks, and some distance to the south are the remains of an old fortification, which has long been left to decay. Portions of the mud walls still exist, and they are so thick that there are stairs and galleries within them. This fort seems to have been made in later times as a protection to the stronghold of Lasgird. The inhabitants of Lasgird would no doubt have a few muskets, old-fashioned ones such as we see travellers hereabouts carrying; with these, they could well defend themselves in their stronghold, and it would be dangerous for the Turkomans to come near. It was thus that these people lived in a constant condition of war, or at least, always ready for an attack."

## DYNAMITE OUTRAGE IN IRELAND.

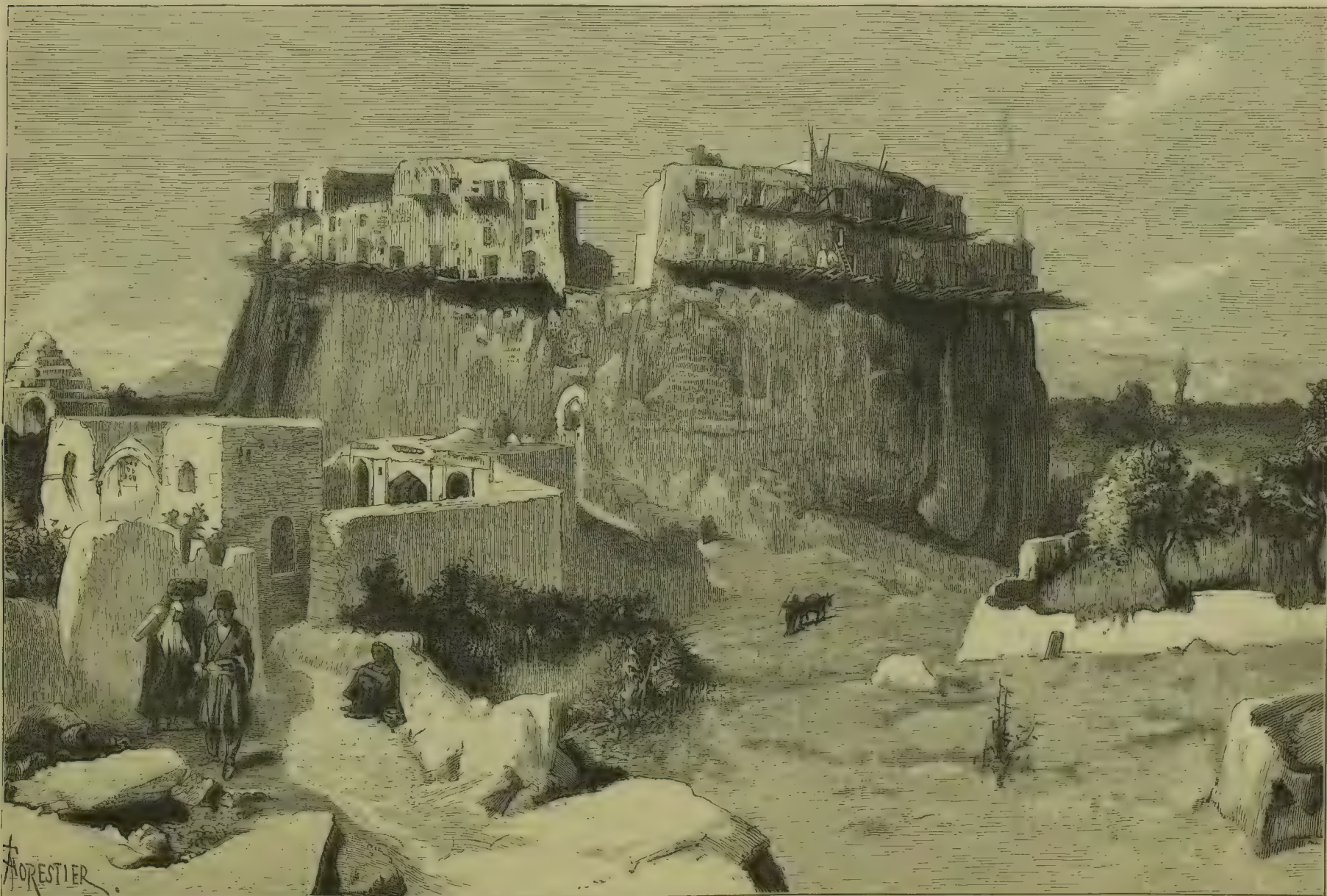
On Friday last week, public indignation was excited by the news of another detestable crime, probably arising out of the late agrarian agitation, perpetrated at Castleisland, near Tralee, in the county of Kerry. An attempt had been made in the night, by means of dynamite, to blow up Edenburn House, the residence of Mr. Samuel Murray Hussey, a well-known land-agent and active county magistrate. The explosion occurred about ten minutes to four o'clock. Mr. Hussey, his wife, Mr. J. E. Hussey, his son, Miss Florence Hussey, and Miss Charlotte Hussey were sleeping in the house, also five female servants, two men, and three members of the police, who have been stationed in the place for the past three years. The explosion occurred at the back of the north-west part of the house, which is accessible by a small wall. The dynamite was placed beneath a small arch under a circular wing of the house, which projects some distance to accommodate the stairs. The foundation is lower than the ground, and a stone terrace runs down to it. The arch was blown to pieces, and a large aperture made through the wall, which is about 2 ft. thick. The solid masonry was thrown in all directions, and lay in heaps about the foundation. The circular wing was nearly blown down, and it now stands in a dilapidated state, with several large rents or cracks extending from the ground to the roof. The house is about fifty yards long, and all the windows at the back, of which there are twenty-six, are shattered and destroyed, the timber being rent to pieces and the glass broken into atoms. Mr. J. E. Hussey, who slept in a room at the back, had a very narrow escape, the chamber being laid in ruins. Miss Hussey slept in the next room, and nearer the explosion, and her apartment was also wrecked. The young lady suffered considerably from the shock, but she has quite recovered. Her sister fared similarly



STONE DOOR, LASGIRD.

where she had been sleeping, at the lower end of the house. The butler, David Cregg, had the narrowest escape. His room window was blown in with terrific force, and the lamp and his watch were broken into fragments, nearly all the ceiling falling on him in the bed. He escaped, fortunately, without injury. All the other rooms at the back of the dwelling suffered damage, as well as the coach-houses and stables, and the greenhouses 150 yards away. Mr. Samuel Murray Hussey is well known in Dublin, and his name is familiar in every part of Ireland.

The Board of Delegates of the Hospital Saturday Fund met at the central office, 41, Fleet-street, last Saturday evening. Mr. R. Frewer, the secretary, reported that to the present time £10,200 had been received as the result of the workshop and street collections. The distribution committee recommended the disbursement of £9000 among 127 hospitals, dispensaries, and convalescent homes, being 4750 more than was distributed last year. The report was agreed to.



LASGIRD, A TOWN OF REFUGE ON THE PERSIAN BORDER OF KHORASSAN.  
SKETCHES BY MR. W. SIMPSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.



## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Dec. 2.

The great event of the past week has been a drama in real life the circumstances of which are altogether exceptional. On Thursday last Madame Clovis Hugues, wife of the well-known Radical deputy, shot one Morin, agent of an infamous private inquiry office, in the very lobby of the Palace of Justice; and her victim fell, with three bullets in his head and neck, on the marble floor, just on the spot where the word "Justitia" is inscribed in mosaic. M. Hugues, who accompanied his wife, when he saw what had happened, fell upon her neck and congratulated her. Madame Hugues, when questioned by the authorities, declared without hesitation that her act was premeditated. Madame Hugues is now in Saint Lazare prison, awaiting her trial; and her victim, Morin, lies at the Hôtel Dieu in a desperate condition, suffering horribly. The operation of trepanning has been performed on him, but the doctors have no hope of saving him.

The explanation of the drama is this. Morin, having been employed by a certain Madame Lenormand to collect information against her husband, from whom she wished to obtain a separation, combined fiction with truth, and invented a story casting a slur upon the honour of Madame Hugues, who, before her marriage, lived in the same house as the Lenormand couple. Madame Hugues brought an action against Morin, who was condemned last December to two years' imprisonment and 2000 francs fine. This penalty Madame Hugues thought insufficient, considering that this scoundrel had poisoned her life. Furthermore, Morin, taking advantage of all the delays and trivialities of legal procedure, appealed against this judgment, and it was only last Thursday that the appeal was called and again postponed for a fortnight. Meanwhile, Morin had continued, by means of postal-cards addressed to M. Hugues and to various deputies, his trade of calumny. Hence the determination of Madame Hugues to take justice into her own hands.

M. and Madame Clovis Hugues are of unimpeachable respectability. If Madame Hugues could have been judged the day after the crime, she would certainly have been acquitted without hesitation. Now, however, public opinion is beginning to reason the matter out: M. Hugues' attitude in the affair was a little theatrical; the Hugues couple, with their southern temperament, are a little wanting in balance; the sufferings of Morin are, perhaps, a little in excess of his demerits. But on one point there is no disagreement of opinion—namely, that it is urgent that the Government should interfere in the affairs of the various Tricoche and Cacolet agencies, which may be amusing enough when put upon the stage, but which are laboratories of libel and chantage.

In the Chamber the debate on the Tonquin credits ended, as was to be expected, in favour of the Ministry by a majority of 117. M. Ferry is thus free to conduct the affairs of France, the Tonquin expedition, and the negotiations with China, just as he thinks proper. The Budget and the Senatorial Reform Bill are now the order of the day.

In the arrondissement of the Avallon on Sunday a Bonapartist candidate was elected to the seat of the late M. Mathé, one of the most notable Republicans of the Chamber. The votes were, for the Bonapartist candidate, 5511; for the Radical candidate, 5275.—The papers are all discussing the projects for the grand Exposition of 1889. One scheme proposes to cover over the Seine between the Champs Elysée and the Quai D'Orsay, and thus unite the Palais de l'Industrie, the Esplanade des Invalides, the Champ de Mars, and the Trocadéro. The idea is to plant screw piles made of steel rails in the bed of the Seine, and to form the roof likewise of railway iron, which would retain its value in the market when the Exhibition is over. Madame Hubertine Auclert, the advocate of woman's rights, demands the admission of women as members of the organising committee of the Exhibition.—MM. Ritt and Gailhard have been appointed managers of the Grand Opera and have already entered upon their office. The Paris theatres in general are doing so little business that there is talk of closing several of them, unless some diminution can be obtained on the poor-tax, which is exacted on the gross receipts by the Assistance Publique.—The cholera has entirely left Paris, after having, during its three week's visit, killed some 870 people in all. Paris is thus once more tranquil; natives and foreigners are returning slowly; and, thanks to the preparations for the New-Year's fêtes, the streets and the shops are becoming more animated.

The King of Italy received on Tuesday deputations from the two Houses of the Legislature, who presented addresses, in which they expressed their admiration of the conduct of their Sovereign during the cholera epidemic at Naples. A bill for improving the sanitary condition of Naples has been laid before the Parliament. It is proposed to spend 100,000,000 lire upon the work.

King Alfonso and the members of the Royal family returned to Madrid from El Pardo on the 27th ult. The reception at the palace on the 28th ult. in honour of King Alfonso's birthday was more than usually brilliant. On Sunday the King opened the Exhibition of Arts.

The Second Chamber of Holland has adopted the bill modifying the Constitution to prevent a change in the succession to the throne during the Regency.

Several earthquake shocks were felt at Geneva on Thursday night last week.

The celebrated dancer Fanny Elssler died at Vienna on Thursday week, at the age of nearly seventy-four years. After having earned splendid triumphs throughout Europe, she retired from the stage, and has lived during the last thirty years in Vienna, her birth-place, in a very unassuming, modest way. It is stated that she leaves a large fortune. The *Daily News*'s Correspondent at Vienna says that "to the last, Fanny Elssler retained her mild face, her slender waist, her graceful and elastic step, and the brightness of her eyes."

The birthday of the Princess of Wales was celebrated at Copenhagen on Monday. The official buildings and many others displayed flags.

Prince von Bismarck last week opposed a motion brought forward in the Reichstag for granting allowances to members. The motion, however, was carried by 180 votes to 99.—On Monday the Reichstag discussed the Government Steamship Subsidy Bill, which was strongly supported by Prince von Bismarck, and ultimately referred to committee.—The West African Conference sat on Monday at Berlin. They agreed to the definition proposed of the basin of the Congo, and then took up the scheme for the navigation of the Congo and Niger, which was referred to the same committee as had considered the definition.

The Emperor and Empress of Russia have left St. Petersburg for Gatchina.—Mr. W. Irving-Bishop has performed before the Czar, Czarina, and several members of the Imperial family at Gatchina. Mr. Bishop was successful in divining a name thought of by the Empress.

President Arthur's annual message was presented to the United States Congress on its assembling at Washington last Monday. It remarks that the foreign relations of the United States continue to be amicable. The hostilities between France and China were embarrassing to their relations in the East. The recent purchase by the States of the large trading fleet heretofore under the Chinese flag had considerably enhanced the commercial importance of the United States in Eastern waters. Mr. McCulloch, Secretary to the Treasury, has issued his annual report, in which he advises a revision of taxation, to enable American manufacturers to compete in other markets with England.—The foreign section of the World's Exhibition at New Orleans will be opened on the 16th inst. There are large exhibits of English, Belgian, and French machinery.

The Canadian National Portrait Gallery has received thirty-two pictures from the South Kensington Art-School. They are all copies of works done by the students of the latter institution.—Great preparations are being made in Canada for the reception of Sir John Macdonald, the Premier, on his return from England. The occasion of special celebration is that this year is the fortieth anniversary of the entry of the veteran statesman into Canadian public life.

The enthusiasm in India regarding the Marquis of Ripon continues to increase. At Bombay it has been resolved to found an Industrial Exhibition as a memorial of him. A telegram from Benares in the *Daily News* says:—Lord Ripon was received in Benares most enthusiastically. The whole city turned out, and seemed as though it would worship him. On his arrival in Calcutta last Tuesday the Marquis was enthusiastically received by the native population.

Sir Saul Samuel, the Agent-General for New South Wales, has received a telegram from the Government of that Colony stating that the Parliament has been prorogued after a Session of eight days, and that the Estimates for 1885 have been passed.—The Hon. J. MacBain, member for South Yarra, has been elected President of the Legislative Council of Victoria.—The Agent-General for Queensland has received the following telegram from that Colony:—"Nacneil, recruiting agent, labour-vessel Hopeful, sentenced to death for murder in kidnapping."

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**GOLD MEDAL.** Calcutta Exhibition, 1884.

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**NOTICE.—To LADIES.**

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**INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION.** South Kensington—London, 1884.

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**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue; and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See "Times," July 13, 1884.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1883.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**—Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 12, 1884:—"Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

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DRAWN BY HAL LUDLOW.

Francis was held back, one hideous and muscular hag pinioning his arms as in a vice, and laughing in his ear.

## ROPES OF SAND.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGE WATERS," "OLYMPIA," "A REAL QUEEN," &amp;C.

### CHAPTER XLII.

#### A COURT MARTIAL.



HAT had happened at Les Bouquets was no special thing. It was true that the National Convention, sitting in Paris, had sent a message to Port-au-Prince that every citizen of the Republic, at home or abroad, black or white, was thenceforth as free as air, as long as he did, said, and thought nothing that displeased his liberators. Probably the Convention thought, in its philanthropy, that nothing would happen more in accordance with liberty than had already happened at Paris, at Nantes, and elsewhere.

But if men celebrated the festival of liberty by individual and legalised slaughter, what should children do? If imitation of the Romans and

Greeks led to what would have filled those nations of lawyers and philosophers with horror and scorn, to what should imitation of the imitators lead?

For the negroes of Les Bouquets and the other plantations were but children, whose fathers, savages and fetish-worshippers, had left plenty of tradition, and who, having been kept in chains, albeit of the lightest, had not been allowed to grow—for the "good master," like Dr. Carrel, works the direst evil of all, and the creoles of Hispaniola were more like generous patriarchs than conventional slave-masters, taking them all round. Thus what was popular vengeance in France for all sorts of ancient and hereditary wrongs became, in her fairest colony, a blind and contagious madness, without cause or respect of persons, and breaking out into indiscriminate carnage and flame. That night had been terrible in Hispaniola—the Doctor and Madame were less unfortunate to have lost their home than to have saved their lives. Could they have cast their eyes over the whole French portion of the island, they

would have seen lamentation not over waiting-maids, but over mothers and daughters—not over notes on madness, but for fathers and sons.

Morning rose not only over broad meadows, green forests, and glittering lakes, but over scores of blackened ruins tenanted by the dead; and, at least at Les Bouquets, over a scene grotesquely tragical. For the Doctor's famous cellar, inherited from Monsieur Castellan, had not been overlooked in last night's fury; and its contents had turned the madness into a morning carouse. The vintages of the Garonne and the Rhone had poured down throats that had hitherto known little stronger than water, and with a result of which those noble and generous wines must have been ashamed—for it is not they who turn men into apes or apes into tigers. The stages and the consequences of the carousal were almost as manifold as if the toppers had white skins and had been maddening themselves on fire-water or stupefying themselves with ale. Some were dead drunk upon the cinders, with the sun broiling them—and among these were women, young and old, black and brown, and children too. But, besides these, there was the noise of incomplete revelry—singing, yelling, quarrelling, fighting, even dancing, and scenes besides that belonged rather to a witches' Sabbath than even to a horde of half-naked black savages, revelling over the work of massacre and fire. The scene could be painted, were there a painter who would not recoil with loathing from the work. But none would look at the picture twice, and it cannot be described, happily, by the pen.

Colonel Thunderbolt, though he had been drinking, was not drunk, except with vanity, and with the first taste of glory. He was not exercising any undue amount of military severity, for in those days, even when a British army was at work, a successful siege meant a sack, and the victorious soldier was allowed to trample upon discipline, by way of compensation for the floggings that he received at other times for the slightest lapses from the paths of martial propriety. However, the Colonel, despite of difficulties, was doing his best to hold a regimental parade: and a strange squad they were whom he was trying to get into line and to go through their exercises with whatever substitute for Brown Bess might come to hand. They were playing as many antics as there were heads; and at least a half of them were Amazons, who were certainly gifted with more military zeal than the men.

"You miserable black ragamuffins!" thundered he, as if he had studied the art of drill under a Prussian sergeant of grenadiers. "Is that how you salute a Colonel of the grand army?—Holy gridiron! One would think you were a parcel of negro slaves. When I say make ready, you will make ready all at once: and whenever I say 'Houp-là!' you will just exactly houp-là, and not right about face or anything else: some one thing and some another thing, as you do. I have

seen the soldiers at Port-au-Prince: for I am a mulatto gentleman who have seen the world, and not like the poor ignorant negroes, that don't know their right hand from their left foot—I mean their left foot from their right hand—that is to say their right foot from their left hand, only it's so hard to teach people that don't know before. *Morbleu!* Do you think the enemy will wait while you're thinking which is your trigger hand? See here—you put your gun to this shoulder: that's your right—Gridiron of Saint Laurence, if you're not half of you putting it to the shoulder just contrariwise to mine! Now, then—Right about face: salute: make ready: present: left wheel: eyes right: double quick march: fix bayonets: sling arms: fire: houp-là!"

The staggering regiment was enjoying the resulting confusion, when two or three fellows who had kept half their heads, and—less like children than the rest as having possibly a greater proportion of creole blood in their veins—had been plundering while the rest were only drinking, brought in a prisoner of war.

"Here, Alcibiade"—began one.

"*Canaille!* Don't 'Alcibiade' me! Don't you know we're all free, equal, and fraternal? Don't you know that I'm as much a Colonel and a Marquis and a Physician as any aristocrat of them all? Monsieur le Colonel, rascal: or I'll have you put in irons as a traitor to Liberty. Monsieur le Colonel—do you hear?"

"I hear, Monsieur le Colonel," said the other, stolidly. "And I am Monsieur le Bishop: and Monsieur le Bishop I will be called. And I will be Monsieur le Caporal too: and where will Monsieur le Colonel be then—eh, Alcibiade?"

"Citizen Ulysse—you are an ignorant. I will not condescend to demean myself to prevaricate with an ignorant black man like you. Who have you got here?"

Monsieur le Bishop and Corporal turned sullen. But one of his comrades, untaught as yet to curry favour with the overseer, undertook to explain.

"Some white fellow we found in the house, Monsieur le Marquis," said he. "Ulysse here wanted to cut his throat at once: but said I, Monsieur le Marquis might like to see it done."

"You are an honest fellow, Jean-Baptiste: you shall be sergeant of the regiment, and a corporal besides. Ah—the aristocrat who passed but yesterday! *Ci-devant*—Salute! I am Colonel Coup-de-Tonnerre!"

"And who the deuce," asked Francis Carew, "is Colonel Coup-de-Tonnerre?"

"Who? Behold him—He is I!" said the mulatto, swelling so like the frog aping the bull that the unfortunate Englishman, despite his situation and the disgust with which the whole scene filled him, could scarce forbear to smile.

(Continued on page 563.)

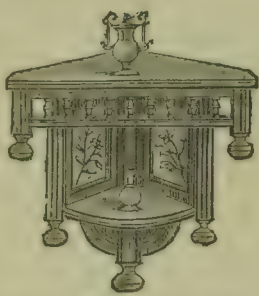


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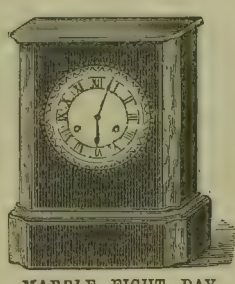
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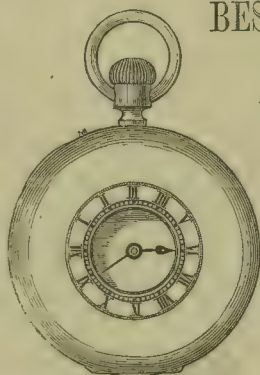
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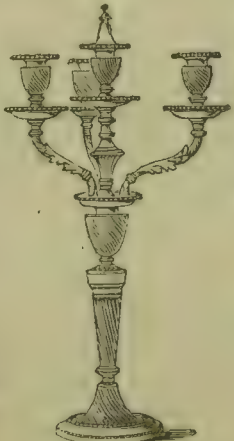
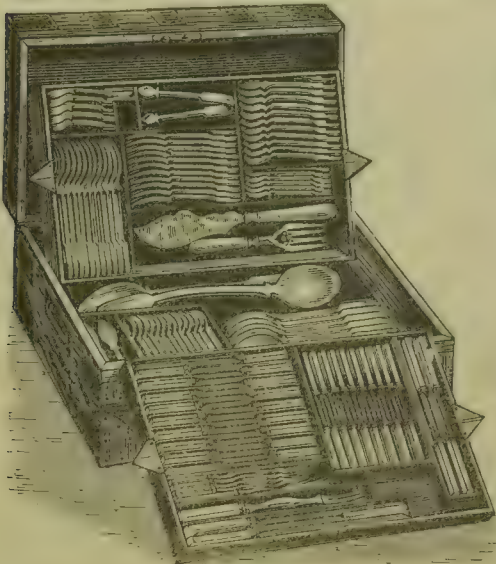
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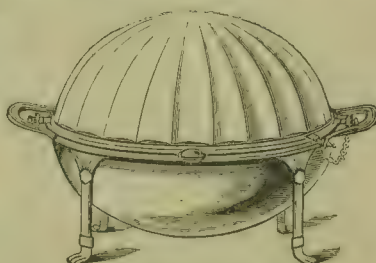
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Perhaps it was a marvel he had not been trampled to death in the rush—assuredly it was one that he had escaped without broken bones. But so it was, though he had been covered with bruises from head to foot, and, when he was found and rifled, was still more than half-stunned. Now when he looked round him, and perceived among what sort of savages he had fallen, he was sorry to find himself still alive. It would have been best to have done with everything last night for good and all: for that there was hope of escape he could not believe.

Colonel Thunderbolt saw the half smile, and slapped the prisoner's face with his open hand. Francis sprang forward, but was held back, one hideous and muscular hag pinioning his arms as in a vice, and laughing in his ear.

"The arrest of this Court," said Colonel Thunderbolt, "is that you die."

"Very well," said Francis, seeing no help for it. "Only, may I ask—why?"

"Because you are the fellow-conspirator with Citizen Jacques: and because you are an aristocrat: and because you have mutinied against a Colonel," said he.

"I hope to God the Doctor and his wife are safe," said he, looking round.

"Jacques and Antoinette may think to escape the penalty of their crimes—and truly they may escape the vengeance of Heaven," said the half fanatic, half buffoon, rising into something like eloquence, "but not that of the slave whom the Saints themselves have seemed to forget till now! They will be found—never fear. Never heed them, Citizen Aristocrat: thy own turn is enough for thee."

"Then—if they're safe—I've done something worth doing with my life before it ends. . . . Mabel! Well—she'll never know. She'll only know I'm dead, by my not coming back; but, thank God, she'll never know how. And Jack—poor vagabond, he's safe to have been knocked on the head, long ago—and I'm afraid he didn't know how to die game."

"Wait!" exclaimed Alcibiade, slapping his forehead in his theatrical way. "I am master here. And it strikes me that—that—of course I understand the art of war: no man better, as the glorious victory of last night proved. I will let you live, if you will do what I require. Only swear it on the Gridiron of the Blessed Saint Laurence!"

"On a gridiron? With pleasure, if you'll tell me what I'm to swear."

"On the gridiron, and on the book, and on the head of a green lizard, that you will be true and faithful to the One and Indivisible Republic of France—represented by me, Colonel Coup-de-Tonnerre. And you shall not only live, but you shall be Lieutenant-Colonel of the Regiment of Les Bosquets, and a Marquis, and a Grand Cordon of the Order of Liberty, which I have established to-day, with the right to wear only ten fewer stars than I. Hold up your right hand, citizen, and swear!"

"What—I, swear allegiance to France? Do you know that I'm an Englishman, you black ruffian? I'll be—hanged, if I do, even on a gridiron!"

It may have been the answer of a fool: but, at any rate, it was the answer of Francis Carew of Hornacombe—a good Englishman and a good lover, whatever else he might or might not be.

"Black ruffian? Black, indeed?" cried the mulatto, in a sudden rage. "I'm not black: I've got nearly as little colour as you. I am a mulatto gentleman—and, *morbleu!* for that word—*à la lanterne!* We are free: we are equal: a mulatto is as good as a white: not like these *canaille*. Black, indeed! *À la lanterne!*"

Francis shrugged his shoulders, and thought, within himself, of the prayers he had left off saying since his mother died. He wished he had not dropped them—it seemed rather a mean and shabby sort of thing to go to them at a pinch. But it was no use regretting things now; and, at any rate, he might with a good conscience pray for Mabel Openshaw's happiness: there could be nothing cowardly there. No man can face death with a really light or even untroubled heart, though a beast, or a human beast, may. But the ex-slaves, who looked forward to this white sacrifice as a zest to their carouse, could not flatter themselves that a nerve quivered or that his cheeks turned a shade more pale.

But the Colonel was seized with yet another idea—and a cruel one, to judge from the character of his grin.

"I was forgetting," said he, addressing his followers who—those of them, at least, who could keep their legs—were crowding round the Colonel and the prisoner as if they had heard a bell ring for a puppet-show. "You poor ignorant black fellows don't know that in Port-au-Prince and all the rest of France a culprit is always executed before he is tried: tried, I should say, before he is executed: but it is all the same thing. It is not as it has been at Les Bosquets, where a tyrant had only to order a flogging and it was done!"

"By yourself with your own rattan, Monsieur le Marquis!" cried one impudent fellow, black and shining as a coal.

"Ah—none knows that better than you, Achille: and if you don't hold your ignorant tongue you shall know it again. I say, it had only to be ordered, and it was done. Now, it is all changed. Justice, my fellow-citizens. Justice is the daughter of Liberty; and she is born in Hispaniola this day: and I am her father—I, Coup-de-Tonnerre! The convict shall be tried: and I will be myself the President, so he shall be sure of justice being done even to a traitor. Corporal Jean-Baptiste: I order you to bring Mamselle Nanette before the Court. There has come to me an idea! Go."

He passed the time by strutting backwards and forwards in front of his regiment, now standing or sprawling very much at their ease indeed, while Francis digested a few exceedingly simple thoughts, and waited, with a languid and passive curiosity, for what he should see next, almost as if he were observing what was happening to some other man. In Mamselle Nanette he expected, if he expected anything, to see some repetition of the hag who had pinioned him, to take the part of the unsexed furies of whom he had heard that the revolutionary tribunals were in their mother country half composed.

But—"Great God! All the world is mad: or else I alone!" he suddenly cried aloud.

For there, before his living and waking eyes, and at the side of the mulatto, stood Nance Derrick from St. Juliot. And, what was more of a marvel, when their eyes met, hers showed no sign of surprise. She might have parted from him yesterday: as was indeed the truth, though that he could not know. He could not speculate upon how she had come here—it was all such a blank mist: still less what part she could be taking in that barbarous scene. Unless, indeed, the Parson at home was right, and she had flown thither upon her broomstick across the ocean to attend this witches' carnival. He could not speak to her. His tongue could not move. Nor could he observe her in detail—how she looked, or how she was changed. His eyes could not see more than that she was she.

"Nanette," said Alcibiade: "look on your compatriot. Do you wish to see him die—and by slow torture? It will not be good for bright eyes like yours to see."

"You kill him?" Yes—it was not only the face of Nance

from home, but the voice too, with its flavour of Devon cliffs and moors and narrow lanes.

"We have killed nobody yet: we must begin somewhere. Listen to me, before all these good citizens. Nanette. You have been so mad that you refuse to become the wife of Coup-de-Tonnerre: though I saved your life from fire and sword at the peril of my own. Yes, mamselle: for love of you the cause of Liberty nearly lost its leader, and France her best soldier. And still you refuse. It is monstrous: it is incredible: but it is true. I have courted you like a gentleman courts a lady. No. I have demeaned the honour of these epaulettes by going down on my knees—I, a Colonel of the grand army of Hispaniola to a common white girl. Still no. I threaten to have you flogged—No again. Very well. You shall choose between me and death, mamselle. If you consent now, your compatriot shall go at large. But if not—you shall see what sort of bridegroom death shall be, when he comes very, very slow, and with much pain."

He paced backward and before him again, reminding Francis of a tiger whom he had seen at a wild-beast show at Salisbury, going up and down in his barred cage. Only this tiger was not barred. However Nance had come under his claws, Francis could begin to feel how matters were with her: and, as their eyes met again, and he read in hers, plain even to the dullest sight, their mingling of horror, despair, and intense, unconquerable resolve, he felt that he had not done his life's work unless he could save this English girl from her doom—Nance Derrick, his murdered keeper's child. Oh for his pistols—one might have been for the mulatto: the other for her, if there was no other way. Could he not, at any rate, strangle the scoundrel? Instinctively, he got ready for a spring. But the mulatto, turning in his walk, saw the action, and glared.

Another idea seemed to strike him: for, when all other passions are running riot, jealousy is safe to strike in. And he was a savage, which means that jealousy is safe to take the lead. He looked from face to face. "Ha! You are old friends," said he. "All the better. Now, mamselle. Decide, before I can touch all my fingers twice round."

Nance seemed struggling to speak. She knew Alcibiade: and therefore knew that his threats were not empty—that what he said he would do, so long as it was cruel, would be done with a light heart, and without a thought of mercy. And she knew the rest also—children, who could one moment overflow with good-nature, who could be kind out of impulse, but who, in another humour, would think nothing of torturing man or beast to death, just out of frolic and fun. And this was the humour now. Could she save once more the man whom she had in secret loved so much, and whom she loved in secret still?

But—"I will decide," said Francis, stoutly. "And I won't waste words. One doesn't argue with tigers and wolves. And an English gentleman go whining on his knees to a negro slave for mercy—Faugh! You shall not have the girl—at least while I am alive. If she says No, as any English girl out of a common jail would, and as Nance Derrick surely will, then do your worst. I'm game. But if she dares to say yes, I'll make you kill me: but I'll kill her first of all."

He spoke in a barbarous mixture of plain English and plantation Spanish, with a French word dashed in here and there. But his hearers understood him well enough, and Nance perfectly. If he had ever been among these villains, he was no longer of them, and was himself again. Indeed, she could not see him standing there, gallantly stubborn, and with a spirit that would not bend so much as a knee for life's sake, and feel that her false judgment of him had been true. And there is this also about death's coming shadow, that it makes all things save itself clear.

Alcibiade joined the tips of his little fingers to show that his sum was done.

"Now, Mamselle Nanette!" said he. "Ah!—all the better if your compatriot is your lover: if it was your bright eyes that led him to Les Bosquets, you will enjoy his screams the more."

Whatever was to happen, there was something better than life in the monster's words. They told her that her old master was a true man, and had no more to do with the tragedy of Les Bosquets than she. A wild thought passed through her brain. What if she seemed to yield, and then, when Francis Carew had thus gained time to be safe and far away, rid the world of this monster, and let the rest burn her, or bury her alive, or whatever better pastime might occur to their minds? After all, whatever the end, it would be better than living on, and on, and on, without any end at all, save a barren vengeance that had no doubt been taken out of her hands. If she could only have one free word now with Squire Carew—if she could only implore him to let a new life for himself rise up from out her grave, and be forgiven for any wrong she had done him in her heart, and pray him to put up a stone over her father at Stoke Juliot, and one or two trifles more. Yes: even without all this it was better she should die, if so slight a thing as Nance Derrick's life stood between the life and death of Francis Carew. No: the thought was not wild. It brought back the colour to her cheeks and the glow to her eyes, so that Francis, who thought he had known her, wondered to see. He might look long, and he knew it, before seeing such a flush on Mabel's cheek, or such a glow in Mabel's eyes.

She looked on the prisoner steadily, to the full as brave as he. Then she turned to Alcibiade. "Free him," said she.

But her purpose was such that even a child could read—nay, even a man: nay, even Francis Carew of Hornacombe.

"Very well," said he. "Then—here goes."

He gave so sudden a rush forward that his guards, who had been relaxing their hold and were not all over steady on their legs, gave way, some rolling over, and scarce knowing whether to laugh or rage. Alcibiade was so taken aback that he received a blow from a hatchet, which Francis had clutched in the scramble, almost on the head and full on the shoulder, so that he yelled with rage and terror as the blood flowed. Francis threw himself before Nance. "My turn first!" said he. "Good-bye, my brave lass—however you came. You shan't live for my sake, and you won't for your own. Good-bye, Nance, dear—and now for the brute's head this time."

But the Colonel, now within his ranks, was himself again, all but for the sight and warm trickle of his blood, which maddened him, and prevented his feeling pain.

"Kill him, you cowardly black rascals!" he roared.

But the sight of their commander's blood diminished a little of the awe and faith which, backed by the bamboo which had been his sceptre for so long, he had contrived to inspire among men who could not all at once throw off their chains.

"The trial—the trial!" cried Citizen Ulysse: and the cry was taken up, for not a soul about Les Bosquets save Alcibiade knew what a trial could mean, and they wanted to see.

But Alcibiade did know. "Ah, he shall be tried! a trial—it is the French for the Guillotine."

"Ah—the Guillotine!" They had heard of that: as who had not, by then? And now they would see that famous bit of work done.

"And if there is no guillotine handy," said Alcibiade, "then a trial means hanging to a lamp-pole, like at Port-au-Prince: and if there is no lamp-pole, then to a tree—Citizen

Ulysse: you will execute both the convict and this decree. . . . Ignorant! that means that you are to hang this man: can't you understand plain French, black *canaille* that you are?"

"Hang him yourself, Colonel," said Citizen Ulysse, significantly rubbing his shoulder. "I don't know how."

"Fancy a country where they can't find a hangman!" reflected Francis. "Ah, there is no country like old England, after all."

He had never hoped to split open Alcibiade's skull, except by chance: his only object had been to save Nance from having, even in seeming, to surrender to a coloured brute, and, having settled that matter, he could be cool and observant again.

Nance clasped her hands, and looked far off, as if she were seeing in the spirit Old Horneck's black Steeple, where all these ropes had been woven, and Stoke Juliot's squat spire. "Ay, Squire," said she, falling straight into the old phrases and the old tones now that she had done for ever with the new; "I would have saved you for Her, if I could, as in duty bound: but I'm a foolish girl, and 'twas not to be. But if you're to go—I'll not stay behind: never you fear. But—oh!"

Brave as she had shown herself for herself, she turned sick and hid her eyes with her hands. For, if there was no hangman about Les Bosquets, there was one no less needful thing, a Rope: and it had appeared—three or four naked children skipping over it backward and forward, till it could be used for better fun.

Colonel Thunderbolt was growing impatient, with a rival to be hanged and, as the natural consequence, at any rate in the lands whence one line of his ancestors came, a bride to be won. "What—is there nobody knows how to hang a dog?" said he. "If I were not a Colonel, *morbleu!*"

"Ah—but hanging's none so easy: it wants practice, like poetry," said a familiar voice in better French than Francis Carew would ever learn to speak with a life-time for learning. Nothing was left that could startle him now. Whether the earth opened or the skies fell, it would be all the same. It was as natural to see Cucumber Jack, unclothed and in what, by comparison, was his right mind, standing there, cool and collected, as it would have been to see him thus under the big beech at Hornacombe. Francis gave him a nod, and let things be.

Nothing, not even the King of all the Cucumbers, could be more transcendently and supremely cool. For he had seen the great woods again, and their magic had fallen in peace and strength over him, and he was homesick no more. After all, his life was not so strange to other men as other men's lives were strange and utterly bewildering to this brother of all the Trees. Not one of those who knew him or of him, neither Mistress Mabel Openshaw, nor Nance Derrick, nor the Parson Pengold, nor Squire Carew, could read a line in which he was written: but the fawns would have known, and the dryads, and all who know that the trees are—what they are. For that is a secret, which those who know it cannot reveal, and which those who know it not cannot hope to understand.

There is a brotherhood among savages, too. The poet-philosopher of the woods, now that he had got rid of his hat and his boots, might have passed, without much betrayal from his complexion of sallow bronze, for one of the ancient Indians of the Island, whom European and African civilisation had driven away God, who made them and their forests, knows where. Some of the children left the rope, and came to stare up in his face. His half-smile set a broad grin going. Only Colonel Thunderbolt scowled.

"And who are you?" thundered he.

"A hangman," said Cucumber Jack. "I hear you've a job this way."

"A hangman! From Port-au-Prince? Are you a good Republican—eh?"

"If that means a man who can make a noose for anything, from a rabbit down—ay. Did you never hear of Tyburn Tree, old Coffee-skin? A bad sort of a tree that, with neither mast, nor fruit, nor berries, nor leaves—ugh!"

Nance might surely have been spared this crowning horror—the sight of the man she loved, and had once more learned to trust, suffering the death of a dog at the hands of the arch villain of all—the hands by which her own father had already been slain. But one thing supported her: the need she felt of not disgracing or weakening him by showing herself a whit less brave than he. In truth, he was only a straight-thinking, unsentimental Englishman of the insular age, of whom thousands might have been found for the asking: he had not the least pride in dying, and would have lived on any condition but that of bending his neck to a foreigner, but, since he had to die, took it all in the day's work as it came. But she was forcing herself into that exalted mood wherein martyrdom, for love or any other faith, would have come as a joy and a delight: and as she felt, so, she believed, the man so much above her must be feeling too. The lower had inspired the loftier: the smaller the greater. She had long ago risen above the level of the witch, thanks to her lost friends: but these, with all their goodness, could never have led her into this loftier air.

Alas—it was all in vain. She, also, would have presently to take her leave of life without having been known by a single fellow soul, and a victim to a vaster and more terrible tragedy than that of Les Bosquets—the tragedy of Might have been.

"Hand me over the cord," said Cucumber Jack, carelessly.

"Now I'm going to show you how to make a noose—none of your bungling sailors' knots: they're fools. But a knot that would puzzle the cunningest old jack hare that ever ran. One—two—three: there you are. And there, again: you see it slips out as slick as it slips in. Pretty—eh? Now, all of you stand clear. I want plenty of room for my work. Let me see—I've got all my tools now. Wait a bit, though. Where's the horse? What a lot you are, to be sure! Who ever heard of hanging a man without a horse? Bring round quick any you haven't slaughtered. Quick—it's bad manners to keep a man waiting to be hanged."

If there was one thing on which Colonel Thunderbolt prided himself more than his personal fascination, it was his universal knowledge. Now he no more knew how men were hanged than he knew how they are drilled: but it would never do to let his army suppose that even a professional hangman knew more about his calling than he.

"Quick, you ignorant black ragamuffins!" he cried out. "The idea of hanging a convict without a horse: whoever forgot that shall have bamboo! They know nothing: nothing at all. Let me see, citizen," he said, still watching Nance as a tiger may watch a sheep before springing, and Francis as only a man can watch a man—"Let me see: of course I know what I should do with the horse: but what do you?"

"I? Oh, you see—hm—you see you put your man on his back, and when everything's made tight you give the horse a crack, and off he goes—but the man can't go. He stays behind: and good reason why."

"Ah! I questioned you, citizen, to see if you knew your work. You are quite right: that is exactly what is done. Why don't they bring that horse round?"

But the horse was being brought: the same on which Francis had ridden yesterday to Les Bosquets. "Now then,"



## THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS.



HUNTING IN POLAND.—B. KLECZYNSKI. FRENCH GALLERY.



A CORNISH DRYING-GROUND.—W. H. BARTLETT. FRENCH GALLERY.



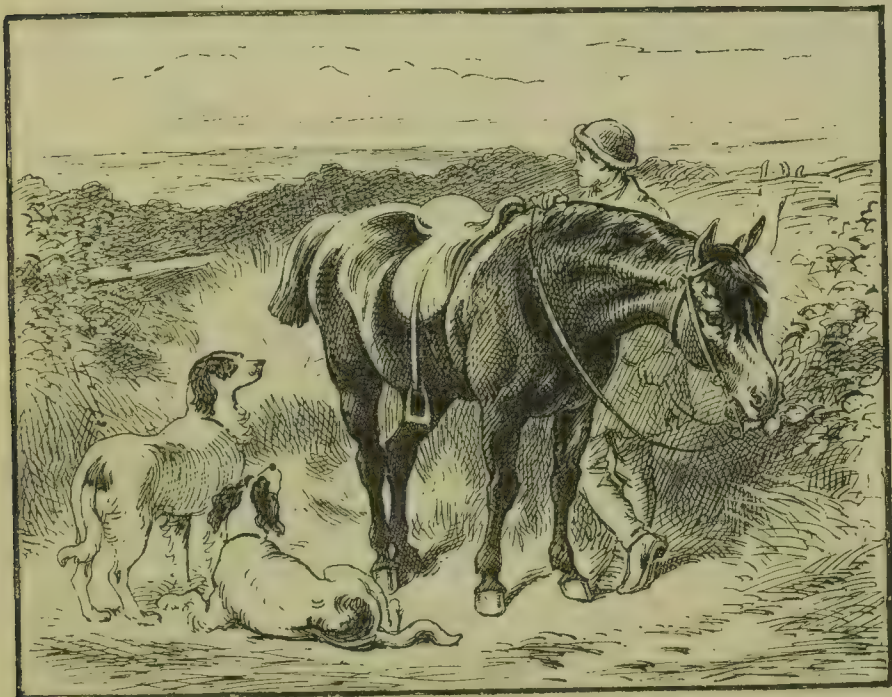
THE SISTERS.—L. J. POTT. MACLEAN'S GALLERY.



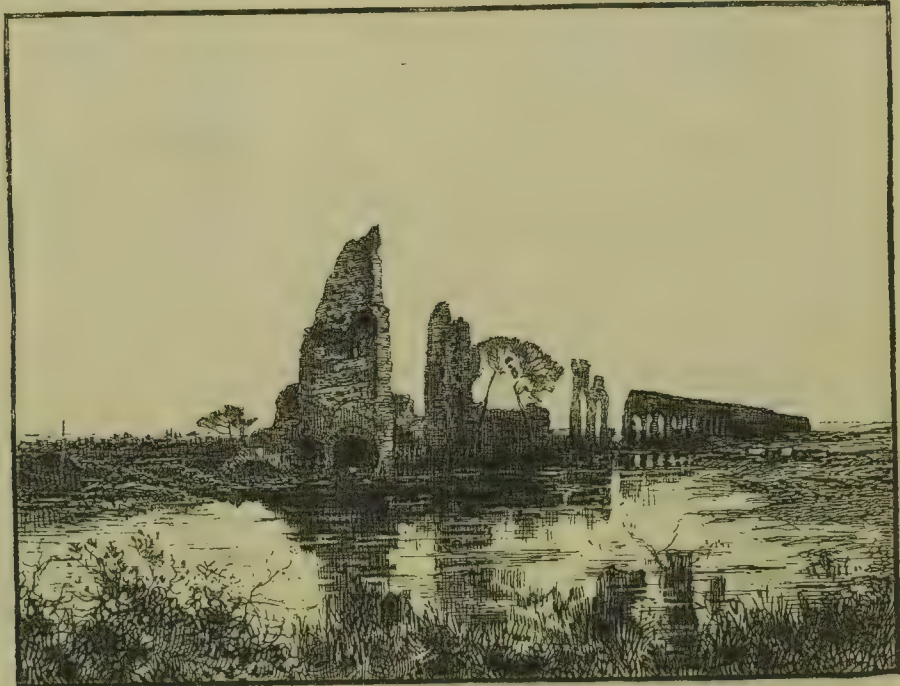
THE SWOLLEN STREAM.—ARTHUR HUGHES. DUDLEY GALLERY.



PLAYFUL KITTENS.—W. S. COLEMAN. MACLEAN'S GALLERY.



THE SHOOTING PONY.—JAMES HARDY. MACLEAN'S GALLERY.



REPOSE.—CARL HEFFNER. FRENCH GALLERY.

said the executioner, cheerfully, and clearly enjoying his work; "a clear field, you sea-lubbers, unless you want to be knocked over when the horse goes. But bless the fools—if they haven't forgotten the saddle! How do you think a man can stand steady on a beast's back-bone? He'd break his neck before he was hanged."

The spectators were growing impatient. But the executioner showed no sort of nervousness. He deliberately lighted his pipe and squatted cross-legged on the ground,

puffing slowly until the harness was brought round. Not even then did he rise until his pipe was half through: then, with a business-like air, he saddled and bridled the horse with his own hands, making a little fuss over every movement, so that the interest of lookers on rose to fever.

"Mount, friend," said he to Francis, in French. . . . "And now," said he, giving the horse a violent lash with the sharply knotted rope, "Go!"

Francis knew well enough what was happening, with his

feet in the stirrups and his neck free. The horse gave a leap and a bound, and the rider might have been in the open meadow before the bemused and bewildered negroes knew where they were. "Follow me!" cried the hangman, who was already off and away towards the woods, wellnigh as fast as if his two legs were four. But Francis also knew that, live or die, there was only one thing to be done. If he had to live for Mabel Openshaw, he was far more bound to die with Nance Derrick—so he pulled his terrified horse's head straight



## THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS.



ON GUARD.—J. PETTIE, R.A. TOOTH'S GALLERY.



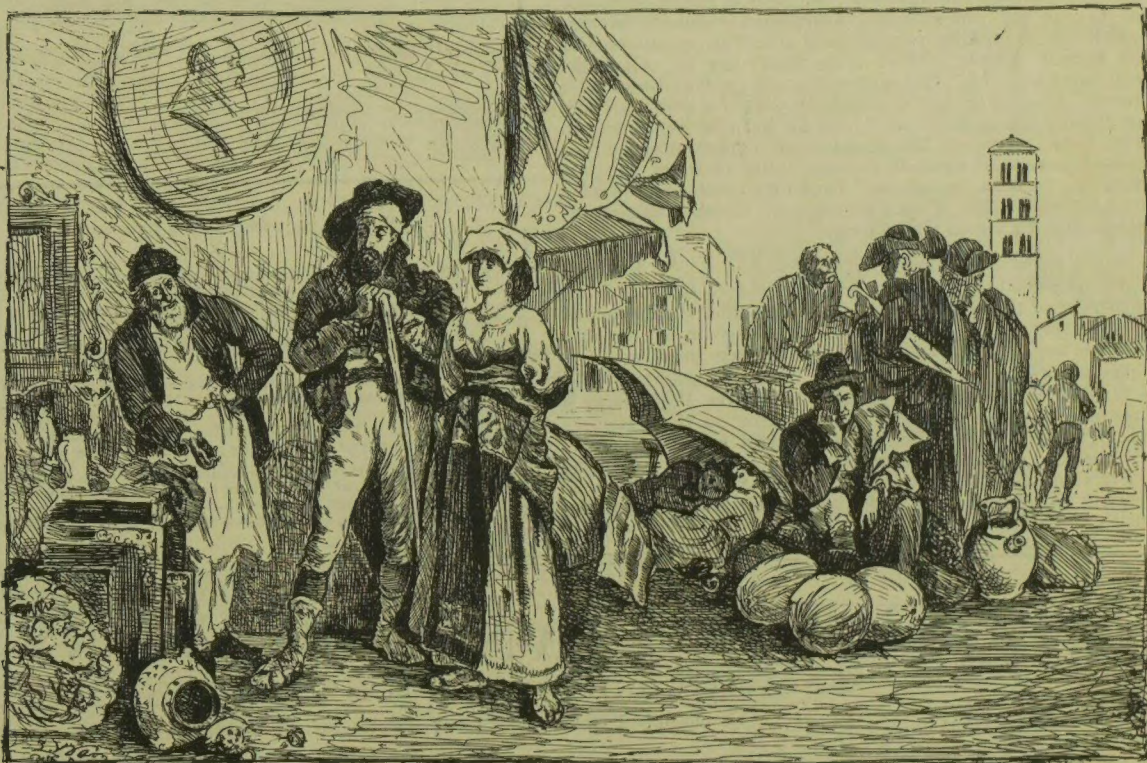
THE BOY THAT DROVE THE SHEEP.—W. WEEKES. DUDLEY GALLERY.



ALL ON A SUMMER'S DAY.—E. S. KENNEDY. DUDLEY GALLERY.



"FETCH IT."—A. M. ROSSI. DUDLEY GALLERY.



IL MADONNAJO (AN IMAGE-SELLER).—KEELEY HALSWELLE. TOOTH'S GALLERY.

for where she stood beside Alcibiade, and, before the mulatto could gather up his scattered wits, forced his horse to stand plunging, and seized her by the arm. "Don't miss the chance, for God's sake!" he cried.

It was a desperate chance, indeed—if there was any chance at all. Cucumber Jack, looking back over his shoulder, turned in dismay, and made some faltering steps back before he stood still, at a helpless distance, and groaned over his baffled scheme. What mattered the girl? What mattered anything but Squire Carew, the only friend with blood instead of sap that he had ever known? But the stock of strength he had gathered from the scent of the trees had been gradually oozing amid the charred ruins, the open meadow, and all that horrible mankind. It had been an inspiration, as when he had locked the door of the inn at Barnstaple: but it was going—he was losing the will as well as the power to return. And he—even Francis Carew—was throwing away his

precious life to give hers one poor chance more! All that this meant to her came over her with a rush: it should have been all the other way: and indeed she had tried to make it so. But if she did not resolve with all her heart and soul to live now, she knew that she doomed him also to death more surely than Alcibiade had done. She put her foot on his and stretched up both her arms for him to grasp them. It was a wonder he was not dragged out of the saddle, for Stoke Juliot did not breed feather-weights, and the horse was going mad with terror. But he did manage to hold the saddle with his knees as in a vice, and got her somehow behind him just before the miserable horse was thrown back upon his haunches by the Colonel, who seized the bit, as mad as he.

"Oh, for a pistol!" groaned Francis, in despair. But behold—no sooner had he made the wish than he saw a brown hand reaching round his waist with the pistols in it that he had forgotten when he left his room.

Was Nance Derrick a witch indeed? He had no time to think of that—then. Flash went one into the face of Colonel Thunderbolt, who staggered back with a yell: and then, in good earnest—Charge!

(To be continued.)

By thirteen votes against eight, the London School Board have resolved not to reopen the question of home lessons and over-pressure, after a committee had been appointed to investigate it.

Mr. G. Sotherton-Estcourt, M.P., has returned his tenants 12½ per cent of their rents, being a greater abatement than that made in 1883; and Sir Edward Dering, Bart., has returned to the whole of his tenants of the Romney Marsh estates 20 per cent of their rentals, on account of the bad year they have had.



NOVELS.

Well written, and apparently well translated, *Raymond's Atonement*: from the German of E. Werner, by Christina Tyrrell (Richard Bentley and Son), is a novel of a superior order, albeit a little diffuse; a novel which it is not only pleasant but morally improving to read. The tone is perfectly healthy and invigorating, and the style of composition is distinguished for its poetic touch. Humour, too, there is, if it be but thin in quality, and the sprightliness of Lily, "which is pretty virginities" like Mistress Anne Page, is delightful. The story of the atonement made by Raymond, who is a young German baron of vast possessions, and of an evil, though undeservedly evil, reputation, is soon told. He considers himself to have been partly responsible for a dreadful catastrophe, the burning of the village contiguous to his castle, and the atonement he makes is to flood his own lands in order to save that same village, after its resuscitation, from being completely destroyed by inundation. The reader will probably be inclined to acquit the young baron altogether; for he was placed in a very awkward position between the duty he owed to his father on the one hand, and to the villagers and humanity on the other, especially when his father's orders to fire the village were only given to checkmate the villagers who were preparing to fire the castle. Unfortunately, the villagers were convinced in their own minds that the young baron had fired the village with his own hands: hence the horror and loathing with which he was generally regarded, as if he had been Satan incarnate. For a time, too, the young man was mistaken for a coward, which rendered his condition the more intolerable. With such a baron so situated, with such relations between him and his tenants, with a powerful and arrogant priest to withstand him in love and in everything else, with a chivalrous young nephew to stand by him, and with two lovely sisters to be wooed and ultimately won by the baron and the nephew, to say nothing of imposing scenery and superstitious creeds concerning a Phantom Peak and an Ice Maiden, there is evidently plenty of material for an exciting as well as interesting story; and such a story the three volumes of the novel contain, though one volume is perhaps, so far as the amount of paper actually required is concerned, superfluous.

There is much pleasure to be derived from *Beauty and the Beast*: by Sarah Tytler (Chatto and Windus), if the writer cannot be congratulated upon the felicity—from any point of view—of the title. It is true that the hero does "take to drink" as so many heroes both in and out of novels do, but then, unlike these other heroes, he recovers himself after a comparatively very short lapse, and comports himself in a manner that might command the approbation and even admiration of the genial Sir Wilfrid Lawson, whose mission it appears to be to cheer but not inebriate. The hero, when we first meet him, is an ex-sergeant, just reduced to the ranks of the British Army and sentenced to undergo a flogging for grossly insulting and assaulting his colonel. Before, however, the cat-o'-nine-tails can be applied, money arrives to purchase the discharge of the ex-sergeant, who has suddenly come into a rich inheritance, with the title of baronet. Here was an opportunity, which seldom occurred to commanding officers (and which nowadays cannot very well occur at all), for there were never many baronets among the rank and file of the British Army; and yet it was allowed to slip. The baronet was permitted to take his discharge and go his way unflogged; and it is a question whether the colonel who missed the rare opportunity, or rather deliberately shrank from taking advantage of it, might not himself have been charged with a dereliction of duty. To some readers, also, it will seem that the writer of the novel likewise missed an opportunity; for a military baronet who had suffered flogging in his own person and came out of "hospital" to enter upon his title and estates, might have been made a great deal of as a champion of reforms in the Army. However, the writer seems to have rejected the idea that must have presented itself, and has been content to tell the story of the ex-sergeant, who became an illiterate and unpolished baronet (though there is surely nothing very unusual about an uneducated or even boorish baronet), rather from what may be called the social point of view. He proves, though he may be called a "Beast" to adorn a tale or to supply part of a title to a tale, that "bon sang ne ment pas"; for he has the gentleman in grain, as he shows on the occasion of a most preposterous incident (towards the end of the story) illustrative of the law concerning Scottish marriages. Credulity itself could hardly admit the probability of such an incident, under such circumstances, and with such characters.

An influential meeting was recently held at Salisbury, the birth-place of the late Mr. Fawcett, to consider the propriety of instituting a memorial to him. The Mayor of the city presided, and several hundreds of pounds were promised.

With the sanction of the British Museum authorities, Mr. W. S. Boscawen, the Assyriologist, began on Wednesday a series of six Wednesday afternoon lectures on the "History and Archaeology of the Empires of Assyria and Babylonia." It is intended in these lectures to place before the public the historical and educational value of the rich collections of Assyrian and Babylonian antiquities which are stored in the British Museum.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

T.—We cannot recall the precise position of the original "Philidor's Legacy," so called. It included, however, a great many unnecessary pieces and Pawns. The following position will enable you to understand the "Shoothered Mate."—WHITE: K at K R sq, Q at Q sq; Kt at K R 5th (Three pieces). BLACK: K at K R sq, R at K R sq and Q R 7th; P at Q 2nd, K Kt 2nd, and K R 2nd (Six pieces). White mates in five moves by—1. Q to Q 5th (ch), K to R sq; 2. Kt to B 7th (ch), K to Kt sq; 3. Kt to R 5th (double ch), K to R sq; 4. Q to K Kt 8th (ch), R takes Q; 5. Kt to B 7th. Mate.

F B (Maidenhead).—It shall be examined.  
T M (Old Kent-road).—There is a chess club at Bermondsey, and the fees are moderate; but we do not know the exact address.

T P (The Hague).—Much too simple in construction.  
A W D C (Fyzabad).—Thanks for the problem. If found correct, it shall appear.

H W B (Brighton).—We are sorry we cannot afford ourselves of your invitation, but shall be glad to receive an account of Dr. Zukertort's exhibition.

C E T (Clifton).—Thanks; it shall be examined.

A E P (Pall-mall).—Our "Next Number" was at press when your letter was written. The solution appears below.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2116 received from F E Gibbins (Tidals); of No. 2119 from A Greenwood; of No. 2120 from C Hoffede De Groot, Ellen M Smith (Perth), B C E Nicholls, Martin, A Greenwood, Pierce Jones, F A Bright, and H Stebbing; of No. 2121 from Martin, J Pretty (Wrenham), Columbus, John Cornish, B H C (Salisbury), C Hoffede De Groot, Jumbo, W E Manby, E K Picard, Hermit, Z Ingold, E Nicholls, P G N (Bristol), K (Bridgewater), Phil Richmond, Pierce Jones, E Vander Haeghen, Oskar Hartmann (Malaga), James I Hyland, E J Posno (Haarlem), Meursius (Brussels), E E H, T Price (The Hague), Frank Pickering, William Morling (Maidstone); of M. MAKOVSKY'S Problem from B H C (Salisbury), C Hoffede De Groot, F H B, E Vander Haeghen, Pierce Jones, Jumbo, E J Posno (Haarlem); of HENRI KORNAN'S Problem from Pierce Jones, Jumbo, E J Posno's Problem from J T W, R H Brooks, Carl Friedleben, Hereward, R T (Belfast), L Sharswood, S Farrant, G W Law, R T Kemp, R L Southwell, James Pilkington, A Wigmore, An Old Hand, M O'Halloran, O Oswald, W Hillier, A M Porter, Plevna, E J Posno (Haarlem), T G (Ware), Fred Forepott.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2122 received from John Hodgson (Maidstone), J A Schnucke, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, B H C (Salisbury), H O D L C, George Joicey, G W Law, F Fine, juu, R H Brooks, R T Kemp, Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), Julia Short, H A L S, R L Southwell, W Biddle, K Templar, James Pilkington, A L Ory, E Casella (Paris), F J Abé, A Wigmore, A S Vospar, M O'Halloran, C B N (H.M.S. Asia), Carl Friedleben, W Hillier, A M Porter, Martin, W W Calder (Whitburn), J Hall, J T W, Fanny H Levy, W Oldfield, W J Bevan, Edwin M Smith, Ellen M Smith, S Magnus, Charles James Eder, Philidor, I Desanges, John Cornish, Hereward, Aaron Harpur, G Seymour, A Chapman, William Davis, H Wardell, Otto Fulder (Ghent), A Karberg (Hamburg), D W Kell, H Blacklock, L Falcon (Antwerp), R Gray, C T Salisbury, W E Manby (Tenterden), E Loden, Pierce Jones, B R Wood, Plevna, C Darmach, Ben Nevis, R Jessop, F A Bright, R E C Nicholls, Indagator, James L Hyland, Emmo (Darlington), T G (Ware), F Ferris, Hermit, E E H, R J G Welch, Fred Forepott, William Morling (Maidstone), H C Anning, Jupiter Junior, A W Scrutton, A C Hunt, Z Ingold, J W Gerald Nathan (Edmonton), Bernard Green, Jumbo, Marie Abenell (Gravesend), J K (South Hampstead), A H Tabor, E K Picard, K (Bridgewater), Castle, S Mahoney (Sheffield), A England, T Wykehamist, T Price (The Hague), E Gregoir (of Paris), Toy (Penarth), H T Biscoe (Cambridge), S Lowndes, and E Featherstone.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2120.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. R to K B 5th. Any move  
2. Mates according, ly.

SOLUTION OF HERR KOEPPER'S PROBLEM.

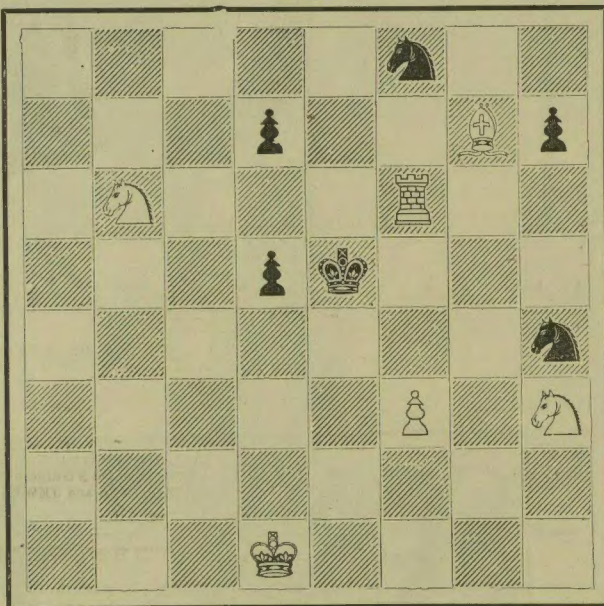
WHITE. BLACK. WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Kt to Kt 5th. P takes Kt. 3. Q to K 4th. Pawn moves  
2. Q to R 7th. K to B 4th. 4. Queen mates.

• If Black play 1. K to Kt 2nd, White continues with 2. Kt to Q 6th (ch), &c.; if in the main variation Black, instead of moving the King, play 2. P to Kt 5th, white continues with 3. Q to Q 7th (ch), and 4. Q to Q 5th. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2124.

By J. DOBRUSKY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

The Athenæum Chess Club scored a decisive victory on the 26th ult., in a contest, eight a side, against the London and Westminster Bank Club. The former won eight games and the latter two. A still more decisive battle was fought on the 19th ult., between the St. Nicholas Chess Club, of Brighton, and the Chichester Club, when the latter scored only half a point out of a possible nine.

A school for beginners has been established at the Copenhagen Chess Club under the tuition of the strongest players led by M. Weilbach. At this club, a tournament is in progress, in which the competitors are divided into three classes. The prize is a silver cup, which must be won twice before it becomes the property of the holder for the time being.

It is with sincere regret that we announce the death, on the 21st ult., of Mr. Arthur Marriott, of Nottingham, one of the most gifted of our young chessplayers. Although but twenty-five years of age, Mr. Marriott had already won distinction, and promised to attain the highest honours in our little world of chess.

OBITUARY.

SIR C. ROWLEY, BART.

Sir Charles Rowley, second Baronet, of Hill House, D.L. for Norfolk, formerly Lieutenant-Colonel 9th Lancers, died at Bath, on the 23rd ult. He was born Feb. 16, 1801, the eldest son of Admiral Sir Charles Rowley, Bart. (so created in 1836), G. C. B., G. C. H., K. M. T., who was fourth son of Sir Joshua Rowley, first Baronet, of Tendring Hall, Suffolk. He was educated at Eton, and at Royal Military College, Sandhurst; early entered the Army, and retired as Lieutenant-Colonel. Sir Charles succeeded his father, as second Baronet, 1845. He married, first, Aug. 31, 1822, Frances, only daughter of Mr. John Evelyn, of Wootton, Surrey; and secondly, April 5, 1843, Peroline, only child of M. Marowitz. By the former, who died in 1834, he had four children, all of whom are dead, with the exception of the elder daughter, Sophia Frances Evelyn, wife of Mr. E. N. Harvey, of Over Ross. The baronetcy devolves on Sir Charles's nephew, now Sir George Charles Erskine Rowley, third Baronet.

SIR J. S. JEPHSON, BART.  
Sir James Saumarez Jephson, third Baronet, Retired Commander, R.N., died on the 17th ult., at Southsea, aged eighty-two. He was second son of Sir Richard Mounteney Jephson, one of the Judges of the Admiralty and Judge-Advocate at Gibraltar, who was created a Baronet June 1, 1815. He succeeded his brother, Sir Richard Mounteney Jephson, June 29, 1870, and married, first, 1830, Elizabeth, daughter of Colonel Huxley; and secondly, 1871, Jane Bottrall, widow of Dr. Perston, 13th Light Dragoons. By the former, who died in 1865, he had issue. Sir James's half-brother is Major-General Stanhope William Jephson, C.B., a distinguished Indian officer.

THE DEAN OF LISMORE.

The Hon. and Very Rev. Henry Montagu Browne, M.A., died at Bredon Rectory, Worcestershire, on the 24th ult. He was born Oct. 3, 1799, the second son of James Caulfeild, second Lord Kilmaine, by Anne, his wife, daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Cavendish, Bart. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated in 1821. Entering holy orders, he held for some years the Rectory of Burnchurch, in the county of Kilkenny, and was appointed Dean of Lismore in 1850. He married, in 1822, Catherine Penelope, eldest daughter of the first Viscount Frankfort De Montmorency, and became a widower June 24, 1858, with two sons and two daughters—viz., Lieutenant-General J. F. M. Browne, C.B.; the Rev. H. G. C. Browne, Rector of Bredon; Amelia Anne (deceased), married to the Hon. Charles Hugh Lindsay, M.P.; and Augusta Mary, Baroness Bolsover in her own right, stepmother of the present Duke of Portland.

EDWIN DONALD BAYNES.

Edwin Donald Baynes, C.M.G., late Colonial Secretary, and Lieut.-Governor of the Leeward Islands, died on the 1st ult., at St. John's, Antigua. From 1850-4 he was Colonial Secretary and Treasurer of Montserrat, in 1860 he administered the Government of Tobago, was appointed in 1863 Colonial Secretary of Antigua, in 1867 a member of the Legislative Council, in 1871 was Acting Lieut.-Governor of Dominica, in 1872 Colonial Secretary of the Leeward Islands and President of Antigua, and in 1876 Lieut.-Governor of the Leeward Islands. In the following year he received the insignia of C.M.G.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lord Stafford, on the 30th ult., and Sir Alexander Grant, on the same day. Their memoirs will be given next week.

Admiral James Burney, of Teddington, at the age of ninety-one.

The Rev. Canon Hume, LL.D., a well-known archæologist and traveller, and a member of several of the learned societies, in Liverpool, on the 21st ult.

The Rev. George John Dupuis, M.A., Vice-Provost of Eton College, on the 22nd ult., at his residence in The Cloisters, Eton College, in his eighty-ninth year.

In response to the Lord Mayor's appeal on behalf of the Rowland Hill Benevolent Fund for distressed Post-Office servants, Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Sons have given £250 and Messrs. Baring Brothers £250.

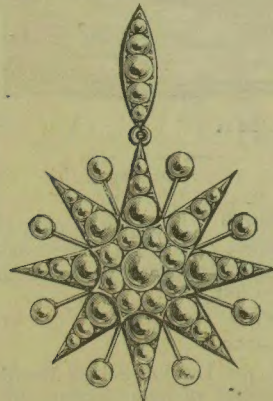
The authorities of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, have decided to introduce on Jan. 1 next an important change in the method of measuring time. The day will be reckoned as commencing at midnight, which will be zero or 0, and will run up to 24, or midnight again, so that one o'clock in the afternoon will be thirteen o'clock, and so on.

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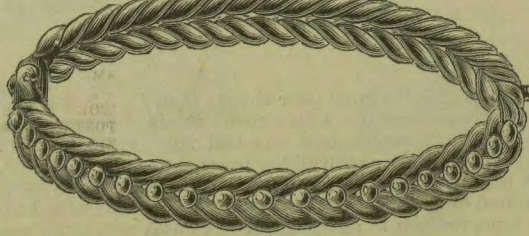
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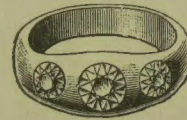
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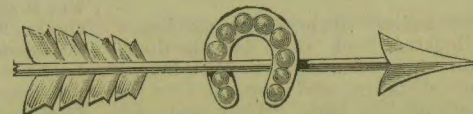
Fine Pearl and Gold Initial Brooch, in Best Morocco Case, any letter, Price £2.



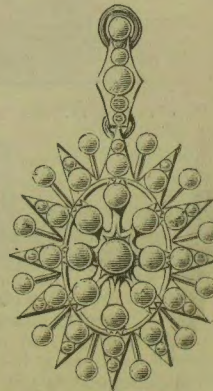
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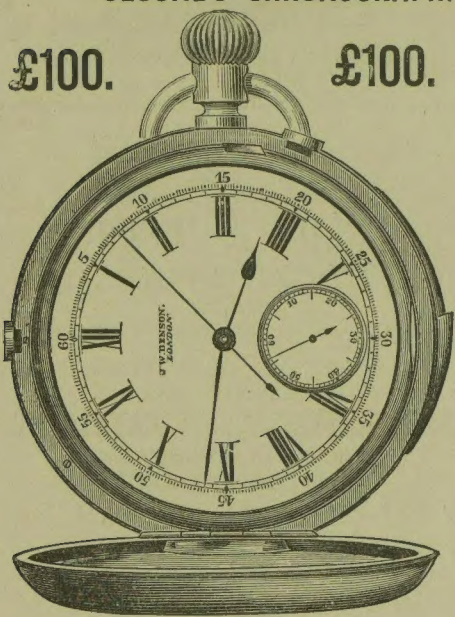
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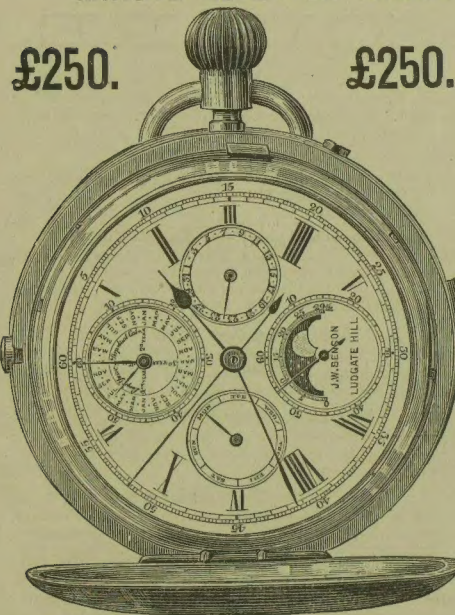


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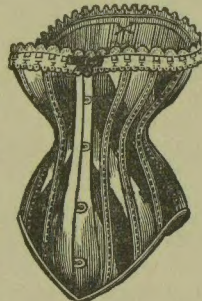
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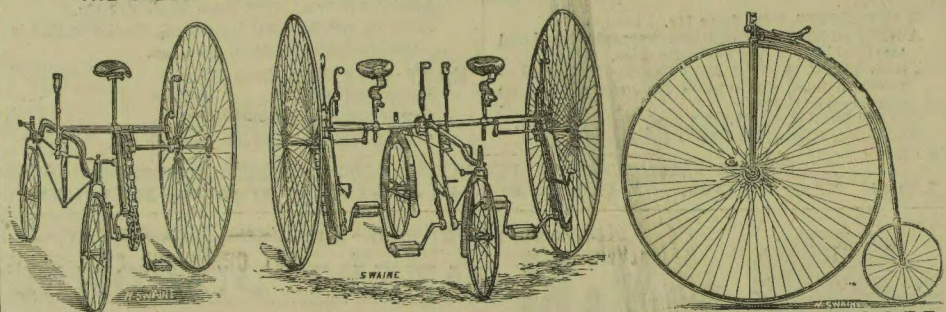
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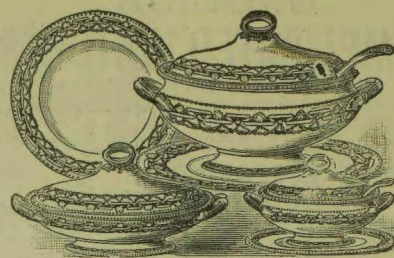
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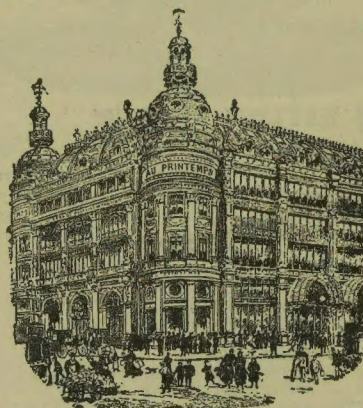
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